

Special Features This Issue
“A Taste of the Chesapeake”
“Bringing the Lewis H. Story Home”



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 24 – Number 11

October 15, 2006



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



I spent five days the end of August taking in the last day of the WoodenBoat Show at Newport, Rhode Island and returning (partly) by sea on the Essex (Massachusetts) Shipbuilding Museum's replica of a Colonial Era Chebacco boat fishing schooner, the 32' *Lewis H. Story*. A lengthy report (featured in this issue) resulted, not only about the voyage, but also about the unique craft that the *Story* is.

I spent only two of these days, very long ones, onboard en route home to our north shore, one in foul weather, both facing adverse winds. The days were long, 50 or so miles each, 10 hours long, made more so by the necessity to motor all the way. A day can get very long just sitting aboard a slow boat laboriously making about 6mph through the water, water that at times was going the other way at up to 4mph. The sense of lack of progress as nearby shoreline locations and navigational aids just seemed to sit there, neither moving past nor coming up to us, weighed heavily on morale.

Well, I know this is the way it can be sailing, especially in boats that do not sail close to the wind. The *Story*, with two equal size gaff sails on unstayed masts, is a design from a time when one awaited fair winds before setting out, she cannot make any significant progress to windward, and to windward turned out to be the direction she had to go the entire four days of the return trip from Newport. We could not await fair winds as she had to be back in Gloucester by the following weekend for that city's annual Schooner Festival. So we motored, a 27hp Yanmar Diesel cranking along at 2,000rpm sending her along at about 6mph through the water.

Motoring at so slow a rate of progress strikes me as being an entirely different experience than sailing at similar speed. Under sail, as with paddles or oars, one anticipates and accepts slow progress, ranging from a walking pace paddling or rowing up to a blazing 12-15mph in a sailboat with a modern rig and hull shape. However, one expects a motor to move one along, we are creatures of an automotive culture, and even though motorboats do not travel at automobile speeds, a turn of speed that is not greatly affected by adverse currents or winds is expected.

One mental exercise I indulged in while whiling away the long idle hours was envisioning how to explain the joys of such travel to someone not involved in boating. I concluded that the nearest analogy would be to revert to the horse-drawn era and describe our trip in terms of a long multi-day journey overland by horse and wagon.

We set out to travel about 50 miles each day in a horse-drawn wagon that will average 6mph. The road is very rough, full of pot-holes and gullies, giving us a lurching, bouncing, erratic motion all day which brings on wagon sickness for some. At times it is raining and blowing from the direction in which we are heading. We cannot get off the wagon until we reach our destination at the end of each day. We eat what cold food brought along, if any at all. Because of an earlier experience we are apprehensive that our horse might again fail us, and we also are aware from prior experience that the wagon may have an inherent flaw that could let go and give us some moments of grave concern. Nice trip, eh?

As you will read in the report, I spent three days enduring this grind. One day in fog and rain on lumpy seas that resulted in seasickness. One long, tedious day marooned in a mostly uninteresting port waiting out a gale. A third day of relatively benign motoring with the seas moderated and no rain, but with one long expanse of open water with no shoreline to examine.

On the fourth morning, with promise of an even longer day of 12-14 hours in sea conditions even worse than on that first day (absent the rain and fog) and still no option to sail, I bailed out. I knew if I stayed onboard the *Story* I'd have another really long, bad day. I was not essential crew. Right next to our dock in Provincetown was the dock for the fast ferry to Boston. I could not resist. It was as if a helicopter was to descend upon our horse and wagon ride and airlift me away.

The ferry lived up to my cultural expectations of what a motorboat should be, 45mph across the lumpy seas, some lurching about, but hey, it was over in 90 minutes and I was ashore within easy reach of home by public transport. And partway across Massachusetts Bay I espied the *Story*, under sail, but headed not towards Gloucester but west across the wind towards Plymouth and Scituate. She was all alone out there, appearing so tiny from my perch on the top deck of the ferry, hobby horsing along in a lumpy confused sea, but NOT headed directly home.

I was so glad to not be with them. My friends onboard were made of sterner stuff than I am, but any momentary guilt about my not toughing it out with them did not last when I contemplated what still lay ahead for them after only three hours out there. It would be 12 MORE hours before their ordeal ended.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 7 A Taste of the Chesapeake
- 13 Bringing the *Lewis H. Story* Home
- 19 The Indian's Gift to Modern Recreation
- 20 Anacapa: Island of Deception
- 22 Best of Robb White: Pleistocene Creek
- 24 A Centennial Swarm of Skiffs
- 25 Urban Boatbuilders: 2006 Mississippi Passage
- 26 Bolger on Design: "Cynthia J."
- 28 From the Lee Rail
- 30 Tides, Gravity, Equilibrium, and Dynamic Theories: Part II
- 31 Trade Directory
- 37 Classified Marketplace
- 39 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

The Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Colonial Era Chebacco boat replica, *Lewis H. Story*, departs Provincetown, Massachusetts on the last leg of what was, for her, an epic journey to and from the WoodenBoat Show in Newport, RI the end of August. Your editor was along for part of the trip and, along with her captain, brings you the whole story and full details of this unique craft in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Why anyone would want the drawstring of her pajamas to get hung up on the corner of my forward hatch cover is beyond me, but my genoa does it whenever possible. I scrambled forward to free up my jib sheet.

"Just take the helm for a minute," I said casually over my shoulder.

"Me?" squeaked my friend.

"Just don't run down that schooner," I added. "I've just replaced my rub rail."

"What'll I do?" she cried.

"Just keep her steady as she goes," I answered.

"What does that mean, 'steady'?"

"Just keep her headed straight for North Dumpling give or take a mile."

By this time I had a half nelson on the genny, which had been having a grand time trying to knock me overboard.

"Okay, now you can sheet it home," I shouted.

"But the schooner," she cried. "I don't want to hit the schooner."

"I was being facetious," I answered, stepping down into the cockpit. "That schooner is nearly a mile ahead and quickly drawing away."

"How could I know?" she asked.

"Waterman's intuition," I said, taking a turn on the winch. "Head off a bit, you're pinching."

"I haven't touched you," she said.

I shoved the tiller gently a point to windward. "There," I said. "Now slack your main a trifle before I set the jib."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"Slack," I said. "As in, 'loosen.'"

"You mean I should let it out?" she asked.

"Just until it begins to luff, then trim it," I instructed.

"What does that mean, 'luff'?" she inquired.

"It's merely a quaint Germanic term of endearment," I said. "I thought you'd sailed before."

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Last summer, I spent a week with my friends on their 36' whatever. And I used to own a little catboat thing. It was so much fun. The man in the sailboat store showed me how to pull on the string to make the sail go up. Then you just climbed into it and it went."

"But you managed to sail her back to where you launched her?" I asked.

"It didn't matter," she said. "Wherever I landed, I'd just get out and walk it back along the shore until I found my car."

"Ah," I said. "But you must at least know by now how to jibe and tack."

"Oh, yes," she affirmed. "That's when the boat wants to go the other way. Even the 36-footer kept trying to do that. I'd turn the wheel one way and the boat would tip way over, so I'd turn the wheel the other way and the boom would go flying and everyone got excited."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"They were very patient with me," she continued. "Now I understand how to hold a course."

"Speaking of which, you're falling off," I observed.

"No, I'm not," she replied. "I've got my feet braced against that thingamajig. I won't fall off."

I showed her how to head up a bit and keep the sails filled. My bulkhead compass constituted a Mystery of the Deep.

"What's wrong with your compass? All the numbers are backward," she observed. "The arrow points to the 'S' instead of the 'N.'"

"They planned it like that," I responded. "That's so when we turn around to come home it'll show true north. It's much more important to know where north is when you're heading back to port."

She wrinkled her brow as she thought about that for a while. We quickly approached that outcrop known as East Clump, so I slacked the genny and helped her to come about.

"There's just one thing I've never been able to understand," she confided. "Why is it, when you shove the tiller right, the boat goes left?"

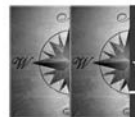
I patiently explained how the rudder works.

"The rudder's the thing that hangs off the back of the boat," she said. "Even I know that." She hung her head over my transom. "But you don't have one."

"No," I said. "After you've sailed as long as I have, all you need is a tiller."

"You're pulling my leg," she said. "Without a rudder, the boat would just go backwards."

My friend is not a visual person. Nor is she mechanical. Nor does sequential reasoning play a large part in her life. This is to be expected. After all, she's worked for the federal government for over 20 years.



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Activities & Events...

The Maritime Artisans Speakers' Series

The Maritime Artisans Speakers' Series is a collaborative project between the Hull Lifesaving Museum and Mass Bay Maritime Artisans of Jones River Landing Environmental Heritage Center. Now in its third year, the Series features individuals serving the history and continuation of marine trades in coastal Massachusetts.

Sept. 23, 1pm, Duxbury Yacht Club, Duxbury, MA: Classic Boat Festival. Matt Murphy, editor of *WoodenBoat Magazine* will talk about his new book, *Glass Plates and Wooden Boats*.

Oct. 12, 7pm, Jones River Landing, Kingston, MA: Steve Sprole, Ritchie Navigation. For 154 years Ritchie has produced navigating tools in Massachusetts.

Nov. 2, 7pm, Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA: Eric Ronnberg, Jr., historian and master model builder, will tell the story of researching and building a 19th century RNL lifeboat design.

Nov. 16, 7pm, Jones River Landing, Kingston, MA: Patrick Otton, Historian of USS Constitution and founding member of the Luna Preservation Society, will speak to the issues that arise when rebuilding wooden ships and working vessels.

Dec. 7, 7pm, Hull Lifesaving Museum, Hull, MA: Dan Sheehan, Cal-Tek Kayaks, is a seminal figure in the development and engineering of small paddling boats in fiberglass. Dan will tell the story of the development of his latest boat, a Greenland Kayak.

Dec. 14, 7pm, Jones River Landing, Kingston, MA: Nat Benjamin of Gannon and Benjamin will speak of the design and building of *Junco*, a 65' schooner launched in 2003.

Admission: A \$5 donation will be appreciated. For info and directions, call Reuben Smith, Jones River Landing Boatshop Director, at (617) 462-7215 (cell) or visit www.jonesriver.org.

Georgetown Wooden Boat Show

The 17th Annual Georgetown (South Carolina) Wooden Boat Show takes place on October 21, 1-6pm, presented by the Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown and the Goat Island Yacht Club. The event takes place on the waterfront in historic downtown Georgetown. Public admission is free, over 100 classic wooden boats are expected to participate.

Further information can be obtained from the Harbor Historical Association at (877) 285-3888 toll free, or go to www.woodenboatshow.com.

Adventures & Experiences...

Alamoosook Lake Canoe Trip

On July 22 we had a WCHA paddle at my camp on Alamoosook Lake in Orland, Maine, in four wood canvas and five plastic canoes and kayaks. On Saturday morning we put in the canoes on Moosehorn Stream and paddled to Hot Hole Pond. We had lunch

where Hot Hole stream enters the pond. Hot Hole is part of the Great Pond Mountain Preserve which is 4,200 acres, no camps in sight.

On the return trip some of us decided to head down Hot Hole Stream into Alamoosook Lake and paddle the full distance back to the camp. After shooting down over a 3' beaver dam, the going got rough (my 30-odd years ago memory of the stream proved to be wrong) and we ended up portaging the quarter-mile around the boney section to the lake. A couple of intrepid souls did make it down the stream with only a few dings!

Once on the lake the paddle took us past an occupied bald eagle's nest. The lake crossing was smooth and pleasant. Back at the camp dinner was served as the rain arrived.

Bruce Larson, Orland, ME

A Lot of Fun in New York Harbor Waters

I recently visited New York City after a hiatus of 30 years and, as always, was drawn to the water. We took the Circle Cruise around Manhattan and I could not get over how fun, interesting, appealing, and I don't know what else, it was. I was ready to fly home and bring my little tug back. I kept thinking what a lot of fun it would be to play around these waters amongst the ferries, tugs, ships, barges, piers, and buildings.

In all my years of reading boating literature I have never read much about New York City's water world and so want to thank Matthew Goldman for his poetic summation, in his June 15 "Journals of a Constant Waterman," of the confluence of its waters, land, bay, and ocean. I expect he really enjoyed his lunch when he finally got around to it.

A Lightweight Adirondack Guideboat

Information of Interest...

A Lightweight Adirondack Guideboat

In the September 1 issue, Jack Faatz of Dayton, Tennessee, wrote about his desire to build one more boat, that possibly being an Adirondack guideboat. As it happens, the WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine, ran a course in the spring of 2005 with Geoff Burke building a traditional 12" lapstrake guideboat, which I attended. Geoff has been teaching at WoodenBoat for a number of years and also has his own boatbuilding shop in Tamworth, New Hampshire.

The boat we built is a one or two person lightweight boat. It is from lines taken off an old guideboat designed and built by Adirondack blacksmith John F. Buyce around 1900. It was a fun boat to build and a very beautiful design. Despite its light weight it is, like all Adirondack guideboats, very durable. The picture is of the "nearly" finished boat with Geoff Burke the instructor (kneeling), Keith Cheverallis (the boat's new owner), Art Johnson, and Dave and Nan Jackson.

Should anyone like to contact Geoff about plans or purchasing a boat he can be reached at Chocorua Boatworks, 103 Old White Mountain Camp Rd., Tamworth, NH

03886, (603) 323-8172, canoeaxe@worldpath.net. He builds small boats and canoes in a traditional manner only.

I look forward to every issue of *MAIB*, thanks for making it so interesting! I am still building my Duck Trap Wherry. Thanks to your reader who sent me the emails on how he overcame several construction problems. His advice has been very helpful. I am hopeful to have the boat done by Thanksgiving.

Ian McNeill, Doylestown, PA



Jim Richardson, Robb White, Etc.

It seems like just yesterday the summer was at the beginning, now I'm wondering where it went. Our first sail of the season was the first Sunday in August! Two hours. We have been out only one other time for an hour until the mainsheet shackle came apart and went swimming. Between the weather and family commitments, we just haven't had the available time.

I noticed the review of *The Jim Richardson Boat Book* in the August 1 issue. I only recently became aware of that museum, but it looks like a good side trip during the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival. I've read a lot, and been told a lot, about Jim Richards (Mr. Jim as he was called). I am looking forward to getting my hands on that book. I've often wondered what ever happened to his bug-eye, maybe they will have the answer.

There is a video titled *Wooden Boats on the Chesapeake Bay*, in which Mr. Jim was interviewed, not too long before he passed away, in regard to boat building and the Bay. His bug-eye is in the background. Wade Murphy, the skipper of the *Rebecca T. Ruark* is also in it. Another trip I'm looking forward to.

It was interesting to read Robb White's first article reprinted in the August 1 issue, and I now have to go back and read all the ones I missed. I only began reading his stuff just before the Rescue Minor articles began. Not that I didn't want to, but at that time I was on the road much more than now (last several years) and just never got to it, along with many other articles, lack of time being the issue.

While reading the tributes to Robb White in the August 15 issue I noticed that David Rosen wondered if there were any recordings of Robb White. Yes, there is. *How To Build A Tin Canoe* is available unabridged, on tape. There are four 1 1/2 hr tapes.

I got my tapes from Amazon.com. They also available from Blackstone Audiobooks, (800) 729-2665, or www.BlackstoneAudio.com. Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Still Alive and Kicking

Just thought I would let you know that I am still alive and kicking. Due to my health we pretty much closed the shop down (Feather Canoes), although full sized patterns for the two Wee Lassies and my book are available at my web site, FeatherCanoes.com.

I am writing another book. Even if it never gets published, it helps pass the time away. I really miss my shop. Badly.

I was really shocked by Robb's death. I have enjoyed his articles for years. Larry Page knew him better than I did, although he had been to my shop on several occasions. I liked him instantly. The world needs a lot more people with his attitude about life. It would be a better place for all of us.

Mac McCarthy, Sarasota, FL

Information Wanted...

Saving the S.S. Hector?

I recently acquired a pocket watch with the following inscription on the inside of the back cover: "Captain F.G. Dodge, July 10, 1908. Presented by the owners of S.S. *Hector*, N.Y. in appreciation of the able assistance rendered in the Gulf of Mexico April 27 1908." This sounds like a case where Captain Dodge was somehow instrumental in saving the ship S.S. *Hector* from damage or sinking or who knows what. I wonder if there are any readers of *MAIB* who might have some idea of the specific incident. So far, I have been unsuccessful in finding anything that sheds light on the history of this story.

Vi Beaudreau, 7 Peppercorn Ln., East Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-0869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com.

Back Issues for the Library

Some years ago I gave my collection of back issues of *MAIB* to the New Hanover County Library here in Wilmington, North Carolina, and I have kept them current through the present. They have them bound and available as reference material for messers.

My collection began with the January 1, 1991 issue, Vol. 8, No. 16. If anyone has earlier issues they would be willing to donate, that would fill out the collection, I would pay the packing and shipping cost. The library would acknowledge the gift so it could be claimed as a deductible contribution.

Any takers?

Dave Carnell, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850, (910) 686-4184, davecarnell@ec.rr.com or.

Opinions...

Touched by "Coast House Week"

I found the August 15 issue to be especially entertaining and poignant. The three pages of letters in tribute to Robb White speak for themselves. There was such an outpouring of emotion. I admit that I also experienced that "sinking feeling" that one will occasionally have in the face of really bad news when I saw the "In Memoriam" editorial. It couldn't be true!

That being said, the impetus behind this letter was Wes White's contribution on page 18, "Coast House Week." Over the years, I have looked forward to reading of the White family's simple adventures experienced in their family cottage on Dog Island.

As recounted in my story, "The String Was the River," published in *MAIB* in 2002, the bonds formed on these summer getaways forge friendships that last beyond a lifetime. In my 35 years of summer trips to the coast I have grown up with, experienced grand

adventures with, and ultimately said goodbye to, many special friends. You carry a piece of those folks along with you as you go through your own life.

I read Wes White's article knowing how difficult it must have been for him to suddenly find himself in the position of "Senior Family Member" with all its attendant responsibilities. It must have been especially bittersweet to run the Rescue Minor, the work of his father's hand, out to the island, loaded with family members and new duties that Dad had previously shouldered. I was touched by his story and reaffirmed by the knowledge that families live on, along with their stories and adventures, even as individuals pass from our midst.

I certainly would encourage Wes to continue to keep us posted in their comings and goings in South Georgia and Panhandle Florida, and to do so with that irreverent flair that is apparently a genetic trait within his extended family.

Hugh Hagan, Portsmouth, VA

About Long Island Development

I am writing in response to Ralph Notaristefano's letter in the August 1 issue in which he mercilessly lambastes Brian Salzano's review of *Exploring East End Waters*, as well as your performance as an editor.

I greatly enjoyed Brian's review. I thought it was interesting and well written and even somewhat humorous. It reminded me a little of the articles in the *New York Review of Books* which often range far and wide in their critique and always introduce other sources, as Brian did with his quote about the Commons. In that respect the review was almost scholarly in nature and, in my opinion, not in the least a questionable editorial decision. Wide-ranging and thought-provoking material is a testament to the editor's skill.

What I can't figure out is why Brian's depiction of Long Island made Ralph so mad. It appears as though Ralph was seeing so red that he was unable to notice Brian's positive opinion of the book, as well as the East End landscape, that came in the latter part of the article. I grew up in Queens and moved to Nassau and then Suffolk 24 years ago, so I have a more or less 50-year exposure to the island Brian describes. I think he is essentially accurate.

It might be said that Brian's style bends slightly in the direction of hyperbole, but I would not characterize it as "over the top." There are a few parks and green areas and such, but I challenge anyone visiting Brooklyn, Queens, Nassau, or Western Suffolk to show me something, anything, that would call into question the characterization of the vast majority of the landscape as bulldozed and paved over. There is some life in the scattered bits of "natural" land and water here and there, but it is only the result of the amazing regenerative power of Mother Nature, there is no remaining vestige of the original ecosystem, few to no native plants and animals. Everything has, as Brian says, been bulldozed, paved, cemented, polluted, sodded, landscaped, in a word, utterly changed from the natural state.

Is it so bad to bring up such facts? Should it make one so mad? I join Brian in lamenting the loss of so much good, clean messabout waters on an island that was once surrounded by an abundance of such. In fact,

this sad situation is the first thing I would think about when considering a book about the remaining few suitable locations. The structure of the review was entirely appropriate and I would not be surprised if Mike Bottini would agree, contrary to Ralph's vehement opinion.

The only thing I can imagine to account for Ralph's ire is the fact that he lives in Northport. For those who don't know, Northport was a fishing village that is now is a nice, picturesque, little yuppie town, kept so by a town council with a distinctly NIMBY character and, of course, real estate prices guaranteed to keep out the riff-raff. Northport is firmly ensconced in the "Gold Coast," Long Island's exclusive North Shore that runs virtually uninterrupted from the Queens line to Orient Point. Zoning decisions made in North Shore towns, based on fabulously expensive land prices, keep the population density a little more reasonable, perhaps giving the illusion of a more natural, "New Englandy" development. Maybe Ralph doesn't get out of Northport enough to know what most of the rest of the island is like and the shock of reading Brian's article led to a little provincial pride. I don't know.

From my viewpoint in central Long Island, right on the border of the crowded South Shore, and I suspect from Brian's, right down in the heart of the South Shore, this island is shamefully overdeveloped and mostly ruined.

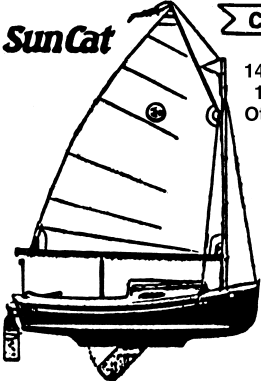
Tom Papell, Long Island, NY

This Magazine...

It Pays To Advertise

I resumed boat building a couple of years ago. A new (and refreshing) aspect of this go-round has been operating in the black. A significant contribution to this fact was the receipt of two commissions directly attributable to the ads I place in *MAIB*, with the result that the 2006 season will have a financially happy ending. To say the least, I am very appreciative.

Rodger C. Swanson, Swanson Boat Co, Windsor, CT



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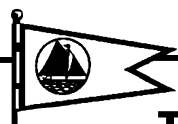
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Private Revolution of Geoffrey Frost

By J.E. Fender
University Press of New England, 2002

Reviewed by Stephen D. (Doc) Regan, Ed. D.

If you have finished all 20 volumes of Patrick O'Brian's Jack Aubrey series, then you would satiate your hunger for 18th century sailing, fighting, and politics with the Frost series by J.E. Fender. While this series falls short of the all-star literary levels of O'Brian, Fender is first string and worthy of anyone's time.



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See Review in October 1 Issue!



Book Reviews

Geoffrey Frost is an American privateer who ends up fighting for the Colonies both from a philosophical orientation as well as seeking fiscal opportunities. The concept of a privateer, basically a legalized pirate, is loathsome to Frost, but the chance to assist his burgeoning nation is important to him. As a ship-
ping captain, he uses his nautical skills to thwart arrogant and repulsive British Naval officers who not only perceive themselves as far better than the colonists, they actually believe that gentlemanly behavior one expects from an honorable enemy is overshadowed by the soulless, rebellious, and backwoods nature of the subjects of England.

In this particular edition of the series, Frost is fortunate enough to outwit a larger British man-of-war which he takes as prize. Trading his old merchant ship in for the British ship (late *Jaguar*), he enters into a scheme to rescue his brother-in-law who is imprisoned on an island as well as taking multiple prizes worth a king's ransom to him and his crew. Through extensive analysis, guile, and brilliant thinking matched by the ineptness of George III's Redcoats and pathetic sailors, Frost saves the day.

At first glance of the book's overview a reader might think about another book but don't let the plot delay your tying into it. The writing is rather well done, proffering a quick pace, abundance of action, enough plot to make a decent yarn, and adequate character development that won't win the Pulitzer but will have you searching for another Fender book of this series. The author provides more action than a typical O'Brian book and his brevity allows the readers to dive into the book and finish it limited only by one's time and speed of reading. I killed it off in a couple of nights waiting for my wife to get home from work. It was a nice break from the lateness of an Iowa spring and my yearnings for sailing.

Fender does not try to overwhelm us with his knowledge of 18th century nautical technology and terminology or even Colonial colloquial linguistics. He is just colorful enough to make it read well for water people and make it properly authentic. Patrick O'Brian's books require a nautical dictionary to fully understood the actions of the characters. I appreciate the latter more but enjoy the former better. I reached for my nautical dictionary and Naval Guide to Terminology only once.

Fender will not end up on the nautical must-read list at Harvard or Coe College, as has Melville and Robert Louis Stevenson, but his works are darn good escape reading by people who like boats and the sea. I shall be forced to beg, borrow, or steal additional

books of the series, and I suspect you will equally be hooked.

If I were an editor I would make some changes in character depth, a better portrayal of the British, and delve into the Colonial politics, but I am not certain that the author wants to create great literature. I think he wanted to write a good, fun book. To that extent he has been most successful.

Few of us are true bibliophiles who pay much attention to the physical attributes of books, but any reviewer of this book who fails to note the excellence of this edition should be flogged. Although this is "trade book" paperback, the book itself is excellent and a collector would love this for his/her collection. The acid free paper is a dull cream color, while I prefer bright white for ease of reading, the rough finish of the paper gives a feel of an old book. I liked that. The cover design is colorful and accurate, the type that you would like a print of. But the true quality exhibited is that of the decoratives on the pages. The flourish starting each chapter is wonderful and the curlicues beside the page numbers is attractive. Whoever designed the layout of the book deserves great credit. It is as good as or better than any other book I have read. Damn the publisher for not citing the name of this creative person who made a good book a beautiful book.

Working the Sea

By Wendell S. Seavey
North Atlantic Books 2005
ISBN 1556435223

Reviewed by Harry M. Lowd
President, Pernaquid Marine

Wendell Seavey is a wonderful storyteller in this autobiography, which begins with his birth in Downeast Maine in 1938 and spans nearly seven decades. Wendell spent most of his life in and around the sea, but not all of it. From his younger days he became interested in the "rhythm of nature." Growing up in the small coastal community, life was a little slower then and children invented a lot of their own games and had the opportunity to contemplate the world around them.

During Seavey's life he worked in boat yards, fished with his father and by himself as well as with one of his sons, and worked in a nursing home as an activities director. But his life's path was not straight, he has faced many curves in the road he traveled. Along the way Wendell became interested in the spirit world and through that interest he met many new friends in Maine and during a cross country journey.

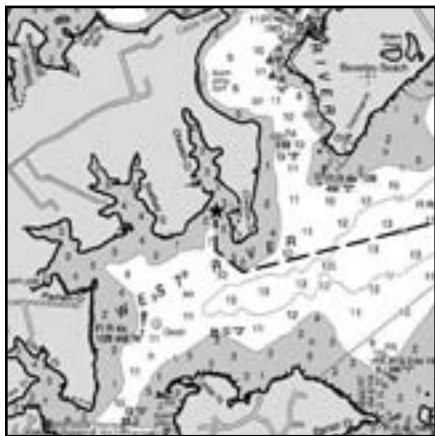
Today many might consider Wendell Seavey somewhat of a Renaissance man, others perhaps an eccentric. His story is well told by himself in his own Downeast style with a lot of family and personal history included. If you are interested in the life of a very interesting fellow from Downeast Maine, this book is definitely a good read. To quote the author, "if you want something rich that lasts, one has to find it in one's own self" (pg. 237).

Wednesday, Day 1: Hurricane

Well, actually not a hurricane, but the damp and humid aftermath of Hurricane Alberto. We were late getting off the dock. Somewhere in the tangle of last fall the bronze oarlocks wandered off. Horror of horrors, Fawcett's didn't have anything but ring-type! No problem, Viking is nearby... Oh dear! Viking is going out of business and pretty well picked over already! OK, time to fall back to West Marine's mega-store. Sure enough, they had them. Sure enough, they were Taiwanese but they were better than the nylon back-up pair we had on board.

Thanks to the shopping spree it was noon by the time we left the dock. We'd been watching the breathless TV weather folks follow the dreaded hurricane but the reality was far more humdrum, a light southerly with full overcast and light showers. NOAA's "All Hazards" weather broadcast wasn't much better than the TV with warnings of intense thundershowers in cloud bands to come. It was pretty cold for June.

We tacked gently down the Bay and were confronted by a choice at Thomas Point light, another three hours against the wind to get to the next harbor beyond the West River or the prospect of a looooong day tomorrow. NOAA added another voice, winds Thursday were predicted to be brisk northerlies which would fade out and become light southerly on Friday. We decided to bag it for the day and trust to the winds on Thursday. We diverted into the West River behind Cheston Neck.



Quiet

We turned in as we rounded Cheston Pt. and circled in the charted 3' area. The bottom was quite flat and steady at 5'. As we lay at anchor that night the weather cleared with no trace of the promised bands of thunderstorms, instead we had a display of the Galesville Wednesday night series as about 50 large racing sailboats filed out the West River in the light air. While the thoroughbreds slid slowly by in the near calm we were beset by a barrage of ospreys "as thick as bees" with their incongruous "cheeps" echoing from the trees all around. We seriously thought about lighting the charcoal stove for heat but decided that snuggling under a pair of wool blankets would do as well to watch the sunset.

Thursday, Day 2

In the night the wind came up and we were happy to be at anchor. At daybreak the wind was the promised brisk norther in a bright blue sky and we fairly quickly got

A Taste of the Chesapeake

In which our travelers sample a little of many experiences which the Chesapeake offers...

By Mark Fisher

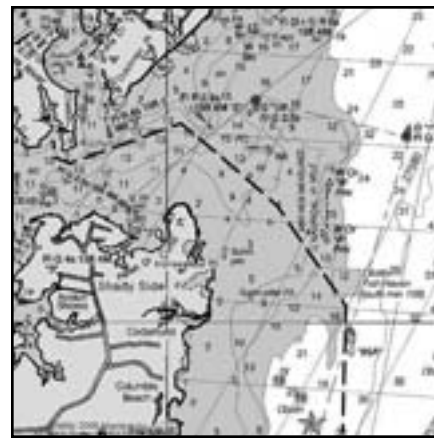
The plan was to visit the Maritime Festival at Historic St. Mary's City in southern Maryland. We've been volunteer crew on the *Maryland Dove* for around 20 years and we wanted to share our custom-made dinghy with the other small craft to be shown off at the festival. Our boat *Sanderling*, a Walt Scott designed sharpie ketch, would have to stretch her legs to make it but we figured that we could get there for the Saturday festival if we left by Wednesday. The trip was pleasant and offered a sample of many of the experiences that can accompany a trip on the Chesapeake.



underway for the south. As we approached the West River #2 mark we shut off the engine and, instead of following the charted navigational channel, we "jumped" the Curtis Pt. Bar, about a mile of closely spaced crab pots (and their buoys) stretched between us and the open Bay. For *Sanderling*, however, this wasn't a problem, especially off the wind, we merely pulled the centerboard back about 70° and relied on the strap from skeg to rudder to keep any other stray crab warp out of the prop.

Calm

By 9:30 we were off the bar and heading south. Unfortunately the northerly breezes were already fading. We shortly put up our wonderful "blooper" (cut down from what must have been an immense standard cut spinnaker). Soon, even that wasn't enough. As the Bay smoothed out to a silver mirror we fired up the Yanmar one-banger, known as "Little Mo" and were soon thumping our way south at five knots. With Little Mo came another part-time member of the crew, Tilley the autopilot.



With the calm came the heat. We set up the Bimini top to provide shade. Since the sails weren't doing anything we bagged them. On *Sanderling* this isn't actually what happens, the main and mizzen are rolled around revolving masts. With a grease-caked Timken bearing under them and Teflon-lined partners around them, they are pretty easy to set and douse. Toward noon the masthead telltales stopped pointing ahead, indicating that there was at least a whisper of breeze that wasn't on the nose, and I tried rolling out the sails again. They added about .75 knot to our speed so I gratefully reduced throttle to maintain the five knot speed.

The Coast Guard had been putting out security alerts about a ship that would be transiting the Bay on Thursday and Friday, complete with warnings to remain at least 500 yards away. We were confused about exactly what sort of ship was being protected. I thought it was a cruise ship to Baltimore while Sarah thought it might be a compressed natural gas (CNG) tanker bound to the CNG terminal just north of Cove Point. The confusion came because Coast Guard ratings are not given elocution training. The warning message was read from a transcript in a rapid monotone and only the first three words identified the ship. We were clear on what they wanted us to do. We were not clear about when or where we were expected to do it.

The western shore of the Bay above Cove Point is a largely undeveloped stretch of about 30 miles. As a result there are two large installations that would otherwise provoke "NIMBY" reactions, placed here since there are few backyards nearby. One is an atomic power plant, present from the Bay side only by its white domes among the trees, and the other is a CNG terminal. The terminal has become as clear a landmark along the Bay as Cove Point itself, looking like an escapee from the set of Dr. No, a 200' long concrete platform on 50' concrete pilings, complete with an airport-style control tower and fuel booms. All this construction stands a mile out in the bay, and is connected to shore through tunnels.

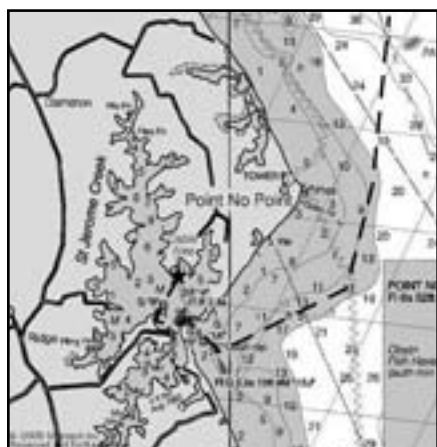
As the shores of the Bay drew together near Cove Point, it seemed that Sarah was right. There was a large green tanker at the CNG dock as well as three tugs and a small orange RIB. In 20 years of sailing on the Bay it was the first ship we'd seen docked there. As we crawled past at a safe distance the tugs did a slow dance and a steady stream of warnings were issued on Channel 16 warning fishermen to stay away.

Cove Point itself now slid by and the first pelicans of the trip appeared. I first

noticed them when I saw something awkwardly flapping in the water. It quickly broke free and assumed its expected pterodactyl shape as it flew away.

Air Show

Next south of Cove point is Cedar Point and the Patuxent Naval Air Station. As usual it was active, with a variety of military aircraft roaring in and out. Ahead, one of the aircraft appeared to be hovering. In the binoculars it was, in fact, hovering, a Blackhawk helicopter. Over the next two hours we slowly drew closer. It appeared to be slowly flying back and forth across the Bay at about 200' altitude. As we got closer we could see more details. There seemed to be something trailing in the water behind. Twenty minutes later the something was revealed to be a 40' orange cylinder being pulled across the water by the helicopter at perhaps 40 knots! It roared across our bow about a mile off and looped around to the north, safely out of our way.



The end of the day was coming and the end of the leg. In the distance the Pax River target was the next navigational point. Fortunately it was not in use. Finally the Point No Point Light appeared, from our perspective, well out in the Bay. We skirted the point itself, staying in 10' of water, and headed in to St. Jerome's Creek.

After the usual exciting pass through the entrance against a strong ebb, we carefully followed the marked channel north and rounded up to anchor in the first open reach of the estuary. We anchored in 6' of water and gratefully took a swim, braving the scattered jellyfish, to wash off the smell of sun-tan oil and diesel. The water was chilly at first but quickly became comfortable.

Friday, Day 3: Fair Winds

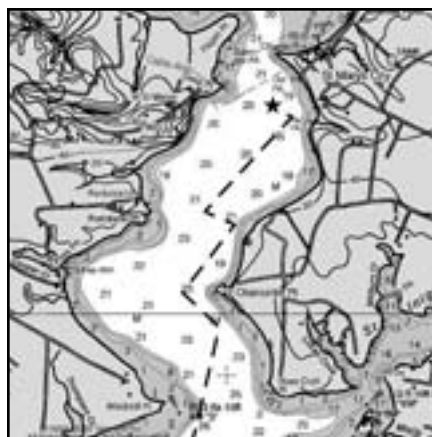
We were now only one major point away from the St. Mary's River. Of course, that point was Point Lookout, marking the meeting of the Potomac and the Chesapeake Bay. In bad weather this can be a formidable stretch, but this Friday offered only moderate northerly breezes. We were soon reaching south under all sail and a faultlessly blue sky. Once again, the wind started to falter but, since we didn't have far to go, we remained under sail only and gave Little Mo a rest.

As Point Lookout loomed there was a rippling roar of thunder in the blue sky, a pair of F-18s maneuvering at about 1,000 feet. For the next 30 minutes they roared and pirouetted around us, disappearing to the southeast, then reappearing with yet another roar.

With the point, the wind shifted south. Fortunately, we could bear off north in turn and we were able to continue sailing. With the shift in wind we were able to switch from the blade jib to our grand blooper. In airs that shifted between light and moderate, we slid along the Potomac shore and headed up the St. Mary's River.

... and Fickle

The winds continued to vary. As we passed Windmill Point it seemed as if they had finally given out. Almost within sight of our destination, we hung on, hoping that the southerly would return so we could slide grandly up to Historic St. Mary's City and our friends on the *Dove's* dock.



As we drifted we watched a couple of other boats give up and start to motor. Finally, a whiff of breeze, but on the nose! We doused the blooper. In a few minutes the breeze had filled in from the north and we were tacking up to our anchorage. It would need some precision, the bottom south of the *Dove's* dock is notoriously fouled with oyster shell. Many yachts, and a few ships, have learned this the hard way as they dragged anchor. Fortunately we had found a solid spot on our last visit and I'd marked it down on the GPS as a waypoint. Unfortunately there was another boat on the same spot! The *Dove's* bo'sun had anchored his Alberg 30 near the dock so he could commute more easily during the festival. A little farther up the river the *Dove's* jollyboat was tacking back and forth as the interpretive mate, Joe, worked to learn the handling of his newly added jib.

After a certain amount of circling and backin we found a nearby spot where the anchor held, and dinghied in to join our friends. Friday night had another attraction, the nearby St. Mary's College was putting on a concert. We walked over and rendezvoused with some other friends, a couple we'd met as *Dove* crew many years ago when we first joined. It was a major community gathering with the college orchestra and a full evening of music on tap, enjoyed with an al fresco supper on one of the college's lawns. It was almost magical to land in the middle of such an event from the deck of a small sailboat.

Saturday, Day 4: Festivities

We rowed in around 8am to help set up for the day of the festival. A steady stream of rowing and sailing small craft appeared, most notably North Carolina's *Silver Chalice* from Manteo. Jokingly I pointed out that if we were showing off "beachable" boats I should

put *Sanderling* on the beach alongside our dinghy. The response was, "So why don't you?" After getting approval from the central organizer of the Maritime Festival, Captain Gates, I did.

Things were filling in and soon *Sanderling* was in the middle of a nest of small craft. After about 10am the visitors started to arrive. I was helping on the knot-tying table along with another long-time *Dove* crew member, John Johnson. On the other side of the dock the larger SAR boat from the nearby Coast Guard station was giving rides (!!!) to children and the skipjack *Dee* of St. Mary's was doing the same. At the end of the dock, Reginald Townsend had brought his wonderful all-teak bugeye *Rainbow*. Details on this are at: <http://www.georgebuehler.com/Regsboat1.html>.

Sarah entered the rowing race but the short chop from the brisk wind caught *Feather's* broad beam and she was only able to manage third. I joined another *Dove* crew in an unclaimed crab skiff and we came in... well, we weren't last. Let's just say that paired rowing takes a bit of practice...

The afternoon was highlighted by a procession of the Militia and a formal dedication of the grand access ramp for the *Dove*.

That evening, after the visitors had left, there was a pay-as-you-go pizza dinner topped off by a concert from two local bands. After the concert we retreated to the cockpit for a wind-down with old friends. It is very handy to have our "hotel room" tied up next to the main attraction.

Sunday, Day 5: History

The plan for Sunday was for a "thank you" cruise, wherein all the folks who had gone to the trouble to bring and show off their small craft would meet on the *Dove* and see the river from a higher vantage point than they were perhaps used to. The wind had switched around south again and the *Dove* motored upwind out beyond Windmill point before setting sail to make one last rendezvous with the *Rainbow*. We sorely wished for a chase boat to catch the moment but, alas, we'll have to rely on our memories. After a quiet sail back to the dock we quickly stripped the 21st century gear off and rigged the ship for her service as an icon of the 17th century. The breeze that had let us chase the

The Maritime Heritage Festival at Historic St. Mary's City is a yearly celebration and exhibition of unique small craft, boat builders, and sailors visiting from throughout the tidewater region. It generally takes place in mid-July. The festival covers two days. The first day is open to the public but the second day involves continental breakfast and a small craft "mess-about" and/or sail on the *Maryland Dove*.

It is open to any small craft owner but preregistration is requested. I hope to see you there next year!

Contact: Will Gates, Captain, *Maryland Dove*, Fax (240)-895-4968. HSMC, P.O. Box 39, St. Mary's City, MD 20686

Chart snippets from <http://mapserv-er.maptech.com>

Photos from the Fishers, Kent Montford, Reg Townsend, and Elliot Kocen



2006 Watercraft Exhibitors

Type: Boat Name

Chesapeake Bay Field Lab
Reg Townsend
United States Coast Guard, Station St. Inigoes
Maryland Natural Resources Police

Origin: Comment

Skipjack Dee of St. Mary's
Sailing Oyster Dredge boat, late 19th century Chesapeake design
Bugeye *Rainbow*
Owner built in Indonesia
High speed utility boat
St. Inigoes, Maryland station
Outboard utility/patrol boat
Boston Whaler, manufactured planing hull, marine patrol and rescue

Historic Repros

Historic St. Mary's City Commission
Roanoke Island Festival Park
Historic St. Mary's City Commission
Historic St. Mary's City Commission

Pinnacle *Maryland Dove*
Typical mid 17th century re-creation for educational exhibit and sailing outreach
Ship's "long" boat *Silver Chalice*
Tender to the *Elizabeth II* of Manteo, North Carolina
Ship's "jolly" boat *Parrot*
Wm. Baker design, Fred Asplen built
Captain's wherry *Olive Branch*
Colonial era rowing craft and tender to the *Maryland Dove*

Traditional Small Craft

Alex Kampf
Toad Hollow Boatworks
CMM Patuxent Small Craft Guild
Chesapeake Boats Bayou
John England, Builder
John England, Builder
Dean Meledones and Mary Slaughter
Toad Hollow Boatworks
Dan and Robin Muir
Dan and Robin Muir
Chesapeake Bay Field Lab
Mark and Sarah Fisher
Ron Blackwell

"Osprey" model kayak
Design: Pygmy Boat Works, Port Townsend, Washington
Kayak Loon
Chesapeake Light Craft "Mill Creek" 13" design
Crab skiff *Pep*
Double ended flat bottom skiff built by George Surgent for CMM
Chamberlain dory skiff
North Shore of Massachusetts Bay
Crab skiff *Hannah Banana*
Traditionally built Chesapeake crab skiff by John England
Pete Culler's "Butternut" designed
"Firefly" design
Adirondack guide boat *Secret Water*
New York lake country guide boat, beveled lap construction
Pram *Gladys*
Sam Rabl design, owner built 2004-5
Rowing canoe *Raw Bananna*
Traditional design adapted to modern materials
Sailboat *Annie*
Traditional New England design in modern materials
Crag skiff
George Surgent/Calvert Museum built
Yacht dingy *Feather*
Lightweight version of "whitehall" ship's tender
Walden Paddler kayak
Commercially built

Rainbow had dropped away, and it was turning into a classic Chesapeake stinker.

Once the *Dove* was back in 17th century commission, Sarah and I turned to *Sanderling*. Threading our way out across the *Dove's* breastlines, we were soon beating back out the river we'd just sailed down. Fortunately the wind that we'd given up on came back as we worked south from the dock. It held steady this time and we were able to keep the blade jib up until we cleared Point Lookout. After the Point we were sailing free and we switched back to the blooper. We were back in St. Jerome's Creek by dinnertime.

Monday, Day 6: Sailing Free

The southerly wind was still with us the next day, along with a sparkling clear sky.

Because we had gotten around Point Lookout on Sunday, we were "ahead of the curve" and we could either take our time or stretch the itinerary a bit. Because we'd had two days of taking our time we decided to stretch things and try for Oxford. As soon as we'd cleared the St. Leonard's channel we bore off and set the blooper.

All day the cheerful yellow, green, and red sail tugged us north, past Cedar Point and Pax River NAS, past Cove Point, past the once again empty CNG dock, past the Little Choptank, behind the now-vanished Sharp's Island, and around into the Choptank River proper. It was a glorious sail. We are pretty careful about changing watches on the hour and the day was spent in a delightful rhythm of care, trimming the sails, watching

the course, and lassitude. There was a sizable sloop that also turned into the Choptank River at about the same time and we had the delight of seeing them slowly fall behind. On a reach it's pretty hard to catch *Sanderling*.

Charm

By late afternoon we made the turn into the Tred Avon River and were hooked in the hard bottom off the "Strand" beside the yacht club. We chose a spot that was about as close to the beach as possible due to our 3' draft. Unique among cities along the Chesapeake, the beach in Oxford is open for dinghy landing and we were soon strolling the streets looking for atmosphere. Oxford on a Monday afternoon is very quiet, the kind of place where bunnies play in the unfenced yards and

The map shows the Avon River flowing through a catchment area. Key locations marked include Ballinacorney, Carrigrohane, and Carrigrohane. The map also shows the location of the study area, which is the area between Carrigrohane and Carrigrohane. The map includes a scale bar and a north arrow.

Tuesday, Day 7: Squalls

At the first hint of a breeze I unrolled the sails but it was pretty hard to justify the optimism. Shortly after we entered the Choptank proper, however, the wind filled in from the south, we shut down Little Mo, and resumed sailing. Almost immediately, however, the wind shifted to the west, right on our nose. Since we had plenty of time we continued to sail, now beating as close into the wind as we could. After a couple of tacks the sky ahead started to thicken. I held on, hoping the isolated cumulus would pass to our south, but it didn't. Instead, it grew larger and darker right where we were headed.

Since we were about three-and-a-half miles from Knapp's Narrows, I decided we might as well just fire up Little Mo and thump our way straight into the rain rather than emulate a Cape Horner and sail to weather through the weather. In about an hour the squall had passed and we were entering the Knapp's Narrows channel. We missed one opening of the bridge but, as soon as the

[illegible]

Fluky Winds

Toward the north end of the channel the wind started to haul south, allowing us to hold on and clear Bloody Point. The front had taken the heat away and we were once again sliding under sparkling blue skies. About a mile from the point, however, the wind faded. The sparkling waves became glossy ripples, then lapsed into a gently undulating mirror. We had only a few miles to go and plenty of time, however, so we held on. We barely had steerage way. In 15 minutes there was a ripple under the bow. A minute later, an audible ripple, the indicator of a 2kt speed. A minute after that, a gentle list and 3.5kts of speed. Now we had 20 minutes of sailing and the cycle repeated, in fits and starts.

the main. Now, however, there was no main to shelter the blooper and releasing the tack would just cause the sail to kite out farther from the bow. Sarah tried to rotate the mast to unfurl the main, but because of the pressure of the blooper the mast wouldn't rotate!

Urbanity

We dinghied in to discover an innovation, Annapolis had added a dinghy dock beside the marine police station so we wouldn't have to row all the way into Ego Alley to tie up. We strolled the downtown area and since, to quote Masfield, "A dollar not spent, that's a wastin' of it," settled on one of the long-time grills for a pint and a burger. Shortly after, lubricated and stuffed, we were back on board *Sanderling* watching an evening regatta of Lasers and 420s. The rest of the evening was pretty quiet, considering the location.

The weather robot was predicting zero to five knot winds from the north for our last day's travel to the north so, when we got up and saw that there was still a little northwest breeze, we hurried through breakfast and got underway. The breeze was light, we put up the blade jib and were able to make 2.5kts or so. The water was glossy with gentle ripples from the wind and the Bay Bridge stretched across and ahead of us, dominating the white summer sky above us.

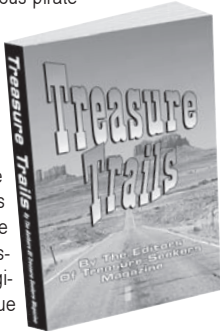
With attention, we could maintain our speed, but the GPS told a different story, we were being carried down the Bay by the current as fast as we were sailing up it. We tacked, and as we got into the crab pot field off Hackett Point, it was confirmed. I saw a semi-submerged object heading north across our course, when we reached it we saw that it was a crab pot. It was not moving north, of course, it was us that were being slid southward on the ebbing sheet of water. We tried again and, as we passed the main shipping channel buoys, we actually started to travel away from the bridge. It was now 10am.

11

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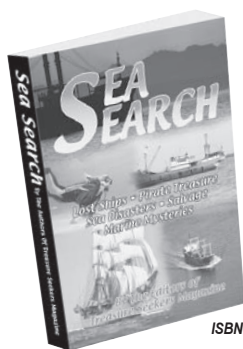
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wind picked up from the east but, with only a mile or two to go, we motored on downwind.

Regatta

We rounded up behind Mountain Pt. Bar for lunch and a swim before going home and had front row seats on a Gibson Island junior regatta. Along with the expected crop of 13-year-olds shooting around in 420s, there were some very junior skippers in Optimists. "Optimist" pretty well describes both the skippers and their parents, we heard things like, "Put the tiller over to the other side, Timmy!" The course was short, this helped the skippers' focus and made it easier for the spectators to see how the race was unfolding.

Emergency



We were reluctant to go in, so when we weighed anchor we headed off for one last "lap" of the Magothy. One of the principal charms of *Sanderling's* home port is the broad estuary of the Magothy inside Mountain Bar, which guards the entrance. The wind had remained steady from the northeast, if we had just been slower to get away from Annapolis we would have had a glorious run back home.

We sailed off the hook. I was on the

postage-stamp-sized foredeck stowing the anchor while Sarah was guiding us clear of the race action. I went to haul the anchor up beside the stem and I realized that the head rope and anchor buoy had come untied from the anchor and dropped back in the water. "Buoy overboard!" I cried. There it was, bobbing off to windward. The head rope was hanging down and acting like a sea anchor so it remained in one place while we were rapidly blowing off down wind. Little Mo was happy to pitch in and, with the help of a crab net, the buoy was back aboard.

Off went Little Mo and we headed downwind again. I went to tie the head rope back on the anchor but the buoy snagged something and the thing leaped for the water a second time. We performed a second "Buoy Overboard" drill and this time kept possession. We finished with a few day sailing tacks and headed in, cleaning up the boat as much as possible while underway to minimize the time spend sweating and swearing at the dock.

It had been a wonderful trip. We'd had a sample of just about every event that could happen on the Bay, but none of them even remotely life threatening. It was a trip to remember for later in the summer. For the next several days, when my desk seemed to twitch to the side as it tacked on its anchor, I remembered those days of sun and typical Chesapeake weather.

Oh Yes: Equipment Failure!

When we got back to the slip we had trouble keeping Little Mo to an idle after he was warm. On buttoning it up in preparation for leaving *Sanderling* at the dock for a week, I saw that the cable clamp for the diesel injector shutoff had broken. We'll see if that was why it hasn't been idling properly once that is replaced.

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Bringing the *Lewis H. Story* Home

By Bob Hicks & Capt. Gnat

The *Lewis H. Story* motors out of Provincetown on a deceptively mild Thursday morning in the lee of the outer Cape, past the historical fish house photo mural of four Portuguese women representative of that port's fishing community. It would not be so mellow when they rounded Race Point into the rough seas of Massachusetts Bay stirred up by two days of gale force northeast winds.

"Well, you can't beat the weather," said Capt. Gnat. He was right. Our sturdy vessel, the *Lewis H. Story*, was nearly at a standstill breasting the 4kt adverse current down Vineyard Sound and another shower was approaching out of the gathering gloom. We had left Newport's Wooden Boat Show eight hours ago, a start delayed almost two hours by torrential downpours. The *Story* is an open boat and we were not keen to head out into such heavy rain, foul weather gear or not.

Now, because of that delay we were up against that adverse current in Vineyard Sound with a growing adverse northeast wind right on the nose. Our 27hp Yanmar Diesel (which had given Capt. Gnat some trouble on the way to the Show) was working faithfully but was able to push the heavy boat at 6mph through the water at best. We were making maybe 2mph over the ground and our goal, our haven for the night, Vineyard Haven, was up ahead around West Chop Light about four miles away. Two more hours! The nun marking the turn around West Chop into Vineyard Haven had been in sight through the murk for some time and I had become convinced that it was now gaining on us.

Thankfully I had by now recovered from two exhausting bouts of sea sickness, brought on in the early hours of what had become a tedious 50-mile grind, by a large 3'-4' southwesterly swell coming at us over our starboard rear quarter creating a wretched corkscrew motion. With the wind out of the northeast, too close ahead of us to sail into (the early 1800s gaff rig of the *Story* does not make much headway upwind), we had been under power all the way. The Capt. did raise the foresail after my first bout, which steadied the motion somewhat, but it took one more all out retching before we'd gotten into Vineyard Sound in the lee of Martha's Vineyard after crossing the more exposed Rhode Island Bay before I was able to regain control of myself.

Finally about 8pm we pulled up to the Gannon & Benjamin boatyard in Vineyard Haven and picked up the guest mooring they had made available to us. Ten hours of almost continuous showers, much fog and gloom, adverse wind and current. The first day of what had been promised to be a nice sail home on prevailing summer southwesterly winds had not measured up to its promise. And as we piled into the "dinghy" (a 16' furniture quality lapstrake New Jersey skiff built by crewman Steve) for the short hop to the beach, that northeast wind was now building



up a chop right into the harbor, not a good sign for the morrow.

The plan for tomorrow was to cross over Vineyard Sound and pass through Woods Hole between Falmouth on Cape Cod and the Elizabeth Islands into Buzzard's Bay, thence up the Bay and through the Cape Cod Canal, and then across Cape Cod Bay to Provincetown. Another 50 miles or so, all but the first half dozen directly into the northeast!

Capt. Gnat had brought the *Story* down to the Wooden Boat Show to represent the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, her owner. He had aboard two volunteer crewmen. The *Story* is a 32' representation of a Chebacco Boat, a Colonial era fishing schooner built by the hundreds in the town of Essex, Massachusetts, in the 1780-1820 era. The Chebacco boat was a direct predecessor of the famed Gloucestermen fishing schooners of the latter half of the 19th century and early 20th century. Their trip down to Newport was not without its trials and tribulations. Capt. Gnat picks up the story here:

"The *Story* is a gaff rigged pinky cat schooner representative of a colonial Chebacco Boat. She's owned by the Essex Shipbuilding Museum.

Steve, Fred, and I sailed from the Antique and Classic Boat Festival in Salem, Massachusetts, about 4pm on Sunday afternoon, August 20, to George's Island in Boston Harbor where we took a mooring on the sly. On Monday we sailed to Plymouth where the harbor master gave us a free mooring as we're a museum vessel. The tides in the Cape Cod Canal and Wood's Hole were right for the next day.

Fred was the official dishwasher. On about his first try he took a 5gal bucket full of soapy water and got everything cleaned up pretty good. He's a chief financial officer in real life and does the same for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. Anyway, Fred dumped that soapy water over the side with the dishes and all.

Tuesday morning we motored down to and through the Canal. We exited the cut of the Canal and began motoring along Stony Point Dike when the shirt hit the fan. About 4 to 4½ knots of current piled directly into a strong southwester which generated a steep,

confused chop closely spaced with deep troughs joined by wakes from all directions. The engine died. The motion became lively. Sails were down and sheeted hard but the booms and gaffs began snapping back and forth. The fore was okay but the main boom kept slamming into the pinked stern.

Our "dinghy," Steve's furniture boat, kept pounding into the *Story*. The main anchor had been made ready and its rode flaked down soon after leaving Salem. We anchored and fetched up about 30' from the circular concrete base of the #13 fixed aid. This wasn't the best place to retire. There is a lot of pleasure and commercial traffic there. The small stuff just generates wakes but tugs and barges should be avoided.

We set about bleeding the Diesel, securing the main boom, and getting Steve's boat to quit trying to commit suicide. With the engine running again we weighed anchor and then the engine died again. We anchored and repeated the routine. The same sequence occurred. We then set the foresail and headed across the Canal to an anchorage off Pocasset. Then the wedges came loose on the foremast and fell into the forecabin and the mast rocked from side to side once.

These masts are freestanding, in other words, there are no shrouds or stays. This was a dangerous thing since in this hard chop the mast could be thrown from its step and drive like a piling through the bottom or go over the side and take the foredeck and maybe one of us with it. We kept the sail full enough to keep it in place without straining. Sailing also calmed the boats' motion.

We sailed across a big sandbar with just enough clearance yet close enough to see the ripples in the sand. Outside of the main channel the chop moderated and we sailed to a mooring. The engine, the mast, and Steve's boat were put in good order and we stayed the night.

Wednesday we got to Cuttyhunk Island at the southwestern tip of the Elizabeth Islands where the harbor master gave us the head of the pier for free because we were an attraction.

We sailed from Cuttyhunk bound for Newport on Thursday morning. Off the Buzzard's Bay Light Fred fell into the for-

ward fishing well. He was lying face down with his head bent backwards lodged between a bucket and a case of bottled water and bleeding heavily from his forehead and nose. I got some paper towels for the bleeding and told him to sit up. He said he couldn't move. I told him to hold the paper towels to his face and he said he had no feeling in his arms. I put my hands on his arms and asked if he could feel my hands. He could.

That eliminated the worst possibilities. I sat him up and he was soon able to hold the towels to his face. He wanted to lie down and I told him that I wanted to see him sitting up and moving and, if not, that he would be taken off the boat by helicopter. He came around okay. Fred is 70 years old so not so resilient. That fall was very close to being very bad.

The WoodenBoat show was great. There were old friends there. Steve's boat was the finest of the small boats. Mike O'Brien loved it and, coincidentally, the current issue of Mike's *Boat Design Quarterly* features the South Jersey Beach Skiff on which design Steve's boat is based. Steve's boat is finished bright inside and out and the work is furniture grade. Steve spent the weekend at the show while Fred's wife picked him up and I took a bus home Friday as we had guests arriving.

Returning Sunday with two new crew, Dave and the Editor, we spent the day at the show and decided to stay over rather than depart late afternoon in what was now pouring rain. The *Story* is an open boat. It poured hard all night and yes, there were a few leaks in the foredeck."

Back now to Vineyard Haven and dawn on Tuesday. All night long the *Story* had been doing a tip-toe dance to the tune of the building chop as the wind gained a level that hummed in the rigging of nearby sailboats. In the forepeak, right in the bow the motion was the greatest, but with my eyes closed or sleeping it caused me no problems. But I wondered as I lay there listening to the gale outside, will the Capt. really head out today?

The answer was no. We had a 30mph northeast gale blowing directly into the harbor and the *Story* would never be able to make any headway against that. So it was to be a day ashore in Vineyard Haven. As we were not tourist types, the boutiques of the town held little appeal. It was cold and blowing with light showers continuing much of the day.

After breakfast ashore the Capt. and Steve opted to find a laundromat and wash and dry some clothes. It turned out the only laundromat on the island was at the airport, two bus rides inland, and they managed to use up the morning at this task. Dave and I had dry clothes along, I had not gotten wet at all with my full foul weather gear on the first day.

Dave and I toured the main street along the harbor beach viewing a failed beachfront development (stopped by townspeople opposition we learned), some nice old time housing and sheds, a beached Westsail 32 up on jackstands all alone, and a few other hulls hidden deep within cavernous boatsheds that opened directly onto the street. One such shed even had its marine railway tracks set right into the pavement of the street to cross over to the beach.

Having exhausted all the possibilities we wandered over to the ferry terminal and got caught up in watching the ferry that carries semi-trailer tucks back and forth to

Woods Hole on the mainland. It was an exercise in precision truck driving as the trucks had to be backed aboard up a long narrow ramp and then divided into four parallel rows on the deck. The ferry carries 12 in all and the odd spaces leftover were filled with vans. Observing our sustained interest over two ferry arrivals and departures, an employee came over and asked us if we were maybe thinking of buying the ferry. I laughingly replied that no, we were just watching the best show in town. Which tells you something about the appeal of Vineyard Haven to the non-tourist.

Rejoined by the Capt. and Steve after lunch we looked up the Gannon & Benjamin yard over on the back side of the town. Their beachfront yard where we had moored had no big project ongoing, a 30' or so power boat hull was undergoing rebuilding. It was a classic shop with a big old marine railway that ran right down across the beach. Work was going on in an open-sided shed attached to the main shed where most of the big power tools and all the supplies were. Clutter, as only one can find in a boatshop, created the proper ambience, now this is a place where I could enjoy going to work were I a boatbuilder.

Down the main street a ways, heading out of town along the harbor, over behind a rough gravel paved mini shopping mall was a large shed with a large addition on it. In the shed was a 30' or so one design undergoing restoration, but in the attached shed was what we had come to see, a 50' schooner being built for owner Nat Benjamin. It was two years along, the hull construction finished and the decking going on. The Capt. had hoped to find Nat here but he had only just left in his truck.

The young man working on the rear caprail installation invited us up onto the staging and the Capt. and Steve spent quite a lot of time up there with him discussing the project. As the Capt. had worked extensively on the restoration of the 120' schooner, *Gloucester Adventure*, there was common ground for discussion and Steve, his 16' lapstrake first boat a success, was deeply engrossed in what was going on.

We finished off the long idle day wandering tourist town and eating and drinking coffee and it was early to bed as the Capt. had announced, "Tomorrow we're outa here no matter what!"

We were up at 4:30am, at the local Cumberland Farms for its 5am opening for coffee, muffins, etc., and by 6am we were underway headed for Provincetown, 60 miles away, mostly directly to windward. The wind had eased to about 12-15, still out of the northeast so it was again Diesel time. The short close reach over to Woods Hole did not warrant raising sail, which would have to be doused again when we headed up Buzzards Bay into the teeth of the wind.

The Capt. had it figured, we hit Buzzards Bay from Woods Hole as the adverse tide was easing and by the time we reached the Canal the tide was with us and we went through the eight miles in under an hour. It seemed nice to be moving right along past the shoreline. As we carried on across the 30 miles or so of Cape Cod Bay still under power the sun finally came out, a cold front had moved in, and the wind was expected to clock around to north for the next day. Gloucester was north from Provincetown across 50 miles of wide open (to the northeast!) Massachusetts Bay, a thought that had

been occupying my mind increasingly on the long grind across Cape Cod Bay.

We were welcomed up to the Provincetown main pier by the harbor master and given a place of honor for our overnight right where the tourists from the Boston ferries could have a good look at our quaint vessel. Provincetown was holding its schooner festival in 10 days and wanted very much to have the *Story* come back to participate. We were not authorized to make any commitment. While we were there we were approached by a woman doing the publicity for that event and by a businessman type who was on the committee, as well as enjoying long informative visits with all three of the men wearing harbor master shirts. These three were genuine schooner enthusiasts, the senior a direct descendant of Portuguese fishermen who still form a major part of the port's fishing fleet.

We finally located a restaurant with entrees that were under \$18-\$20 in the maze of tight little streets and funky old buildings, all boutiques and restaurants. P-town's tourist section made Vineyard Haven's look to be small potatoes.

Before it got too dark Steve had rigged his boat and enjoyed a drifting sort of short cruise around the anchorage in the dying breeze behind the breakwater. It seemed that maybe at last the wind was giving up. But the report for Thursday was 15-18mph north winds, and during the night the wind did arise. We were on the sheltered side of the Cape and the water was calm but I could hear the wind in the rigging of nearby boats in the wee hours.

Morning brought sunshine and a stiff breeze out of the north that had the flags straight out and flapping, although down on the water all was still relatively calm. When the Capt. allowed as it would probably be rougher than we'd had so far with the seas leftover from the previous day's northeast gale still out there beyond the shelter of Race Point and we'd maybe be 12 hours or more getting across Massachusetts Bay to Gloucester, I abandoned ship.

Right next to us was the dock for the fast ferry to Boston, a big catamaran that could carry up to 600 passengers to Boston in 90 minutes. The first ferry left at 10am. The Capt. greeted my decision with equanimity allowing as how he wouldn't go out there either if he didn't have to get the *Story* back to Gloucester for the upcoming weekend schooner festival there. The prospects of perhaps again dealing with a violently seasick passenger (I had no tasks to perform on this powerboat trip) were likely not much less appealing than my own contemplation of enduring so extended a siege of agony and uselessness.

The *Story* does not do well to windward under power in the face of rough seas but it was either that for 12-14 hours or fall off and reach over towards Plymouth under sail and then motor north from there to Gloucester inshore avoiding the worst of the sea conditions but greatly lengthening the journey.

So, about 7am I saw them off from the pier on what was to be a 15-hour ordeal fraught with troubles and perils. An old salt standing nearby watching the departure and aware that I had some connection with the *Story* inquired as to where they might be headed. Upon my telling him Gloucester, he nodded sagely and offered that, "soon as they clear Race Point and hit the rips they'll be

sorry they ever started.” Another wharf onlooker allowed that, “They’ll be back.”

Well, they didn’t know Capt. Gnat. They had not returned three hours later when I stepped aboard the fast ferry at 10am and prepared to experience this unique, to me, voyage. I stood on the upper deck sheltered by a short wall from the 40mph breeze and occasional spray (yep, 20’ above sea level!) and stared out to sea across Massachusetts Bay thinking I might possibly see the *Story* out there battling the sea. Had they been able to hold their planned northerly course I would not have as the ferry course to Boston bore off northwest.

After about 30 minutes, when we were well clear of Race Point and the Pilgrim Monument tower in P-town was shrinking rapidly below the horizon, I tired of gazing out over an empty sea, alternating with intervals of fascinated observation of the confused lumpy 4-6’ seas that were causing even our catamaran to stumble and lurch. The cat didn’t roll, it lurched from hull to hull like a drunk.

A last look aft before heading for shelter and there she was! Both gaff sails were up and the *Story* was hobby horsing along reaching towards the mainland coast somewhere over Plymouth or Scituate way. She was too far aft now, almost four hours out, for me to see any details, just those two tiny sails and little hull on a vast heaving turbulent empty sea, soldiering along under sail as she would have been 175 years ago heading home to port. I speculated that it must have been too much for the little Yanmar and the Capt. had opted to fall off and sail to the mainland where maybe the seas would be calmer.

I was in Boston by 11:30am, walked across town to North Station and caught the 1:15pm commuter rail right to my hometown station. It was 2pm when I called Jane to come pick me up. As I awaited her in the warm sunny mild afternoon, I wondered what was still going on out there on Massachusetts Bay. Capt. Gnat picks up the story back at our arrival in P-town the evening before:

“Wednesday afternoon a big sailboat with ‘Greenpeace’ emblazoned on fabric along the stanchions followed us out of the Canal and later we docked near her in Provincetown. It was a new looking boat about 40 or 50 odd feet long and a monument to consumerism and gross overconsumption. It had all the crap, sails that rolled into the boom, etc., etc., etc. Its tonnage comprised almost entirely nonrenewable resources, fiberglass, epoxy, aluminum, Dacron, various plastics, and so forth. They had a big “Wind Power” banner and their purpose was to enlighten others. The vessel was named *Witness*, which was appropriate,

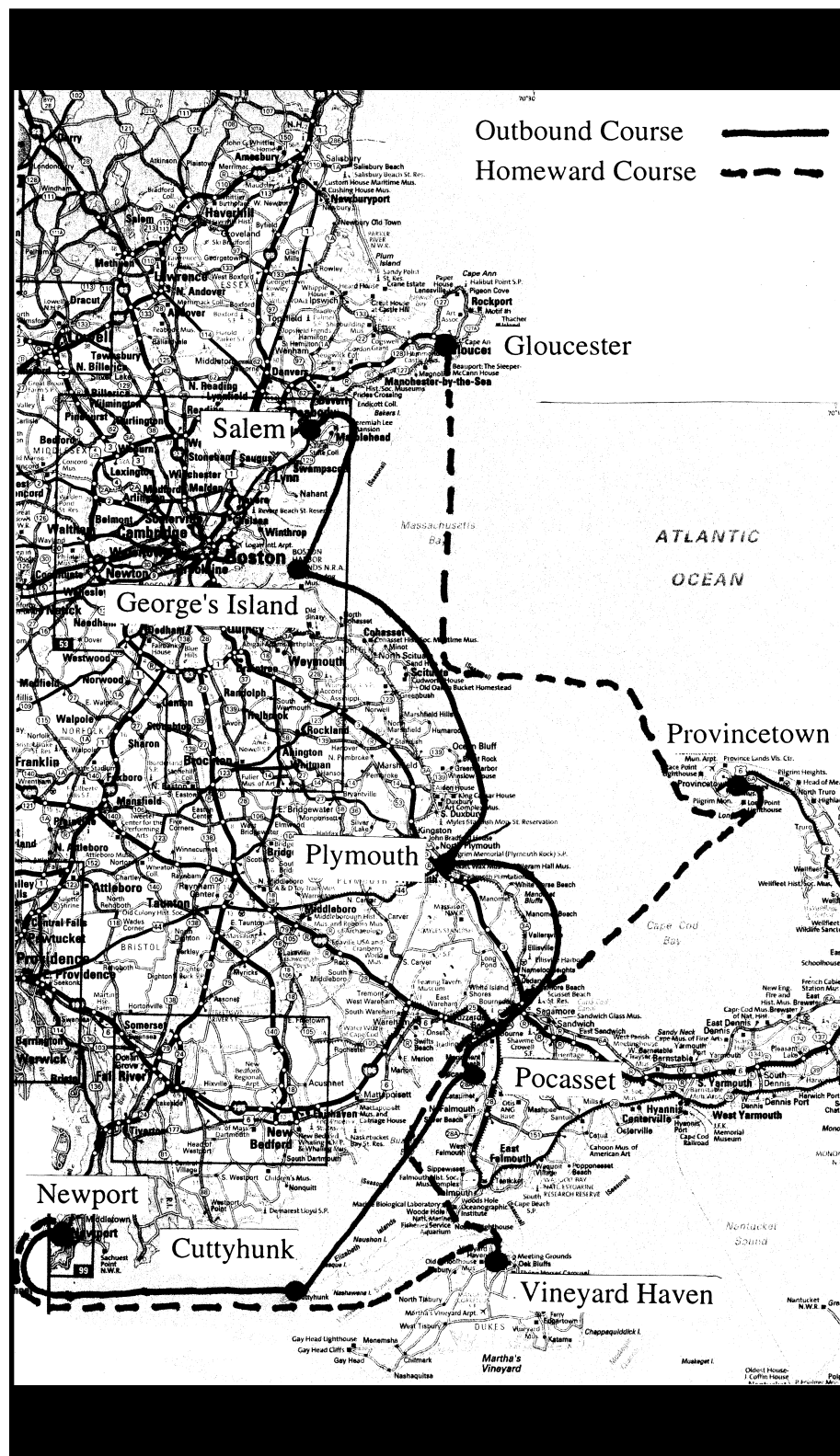
Thursday morning in Provincetown we faced 15 to 18 knots from the north which piled up against the tide around Race Point. It was lumpier than Buzzard’s Bay but not hazardous. The engine died and we could only sail off the wind towards Scituate. The *Story* cannot be driven upwind against a hard chop. The boat had to be back to Gloucester for the big Labor Day weekend Schooner Festival. A friend I consulted on my cell phone suggested bypassing the main fuel tank using a portable fuel tank and so we motored into Gloucester at 10pm that evening after a 15-hour day.

The only tobacco on the Chebacco was with Steve who smokes those wonderful Camels. I smoked two to three packs a day of

those things for about 30 years and attribute my present excellent health and positive attitude to a good foundation of cigarette smoking. Before taking this trip the long range plan was to later on take the *Story* to the Provincetown Schooner Regatta and then the Working Waterfront Festival in New Bedford. Not now. Although the desire to smoke Camels never came back I’m eschewing Chebacco until the fuel problem gets fixed.”

Later, when regaling family and friends who inquired, “how was your trip?” I

responded that, “it was an adventure but no fun!” Indeed. In the days of sail those who had to get somewhere in a Chebacco boat would have awaited fair winds (reaching and running). Capt. Gnat had no such choice with a Diesel aboard. He and his two crew had to tough it out and I salute them for their tenacity of purpose and willingness to endure so long and grueling a day in a small open boat.





Welcome Aboard the *Lewis H. Story*

Museum Flagship, Roving Ambassador
& Seagoing Family Pickup
of 18th Century New England

Designed and built by Harold Burnham, an Essex shipwright whose ancestors have built wooden vessels here for over 350 years, the *Lewis H. Story* is a representation of a pink-sterned Chebacco boat, a two-masted, gaff-rigged vessel designed for inshore cod-fishing and coastal trading by men of Chebacco Parish (a colonial district of Ipswich, Massachusetts, that became the town of Essex in 1819).

This historic vessel was commissioned by The Essex Historical Society & Shipbuilding Museum as a research project, flagship, and roving ambassador. While she is accurate to available source materials, the *Story* cannot be an exact replica of a Chebacco because no maritime historian knows exactly what any particular one looked like.

There are no known images, half-models, or plans dating from the late 17th century until about 1820 (roughly, the Chebacco's heyday). There are precious few contemporary descriptions. Instead, Burnham relied on discussions with Eric Ronnberg (historian and modelmaker), Museum archives, and his own extensive experience building and sailing traditional wooden vessels. Harold drew from history and tradition to recreate a Chebacco-style hull, but as a modern designer, also based his lines and layout on the work it was meant to perform.

What Exactly Was A Chebacco Boat?

And Why Was It Useful to This Region?
A Seagoing Family Pickup of 18th Century
New England

The origins of the Chebacco boat, once immensely popular as a working craft along the New England coast, now disappeared, are lost in the mists. There are no known images, half-models, or plans dating from 1700-1820 (roughly, the Chebacco's heyday), and precious few contemporary descriptions. Ultimately, very little information exists that explains or depicts Bay Colony shipbuilding in the 17th and 18th centuries.

But modern day historians can (and have) traced the probable lines of the Chebacco hull by examining the methods and materials used by Puritan shipwrights, the waters the Chebacco boat was designed to sail, and the work it was designed to perform.

The first English settlers adopted Native American hollow log canoes (some carrying up to 40 people) for fishing, trading, and transport along the New England coast. When the time came in Chebacco Parish to build a handy seasonal sailing craft that would allow seagoing farmers to harvest cod and transport goods, key design criteria must have been:

- Maneuverable compact size
- Good-sized hold capacity
- Inexpensive to build and maintain
- Easy to launch, moor, beach and unload
- Stability in heavy winds and choppy seas
- Ease of sailing, steering and handling for a small crew

Puritan shipwrights were familiar with hull lines of the shallop, a small open sailing craft used in rivers and inshore waters by the Dutch, French, English, and Germans. The word shallop derives from 16th century German and French words. It was a common English and Dutch description for short, stable, heavy double end workboats which could be sailed under two sails or rowed.

Although the documented working life of the Chebacco boat was from 1780 to 1820 (and possibly well beyond), maritime historians feel the Chebacco appeared as a distinct craft as early as 1750, and perhaps way before. Chapelle believes that whether Chebacco boats were square-sterned ("dog-bodies") or pink-sterned, they were simply local variants on the 17th century shallop and thus he claims that early Chebaccos were in use from the late 1600s.

By the mid-18th century the evolution (and the popularity) of this small vessel was clear. The Chebacco had evolved from smaller, narrow shallop into a new class of vessel with a wider bluff bow and deeper keel. This design met the needs of New England inshore and tidewater fishermen for handy sailing, hold capacity, and stability. In the 1750s history records that one Abraham Somes sailed his Parish-built Chebacco boat downeast to Mt. Desert Island where he founded the village of Somesville.

The design goal of the earliest Chebacco boats was to enable saltwater farmers to safely fish estuaries and inshore waters during fair weather months. These first Chebaccos were 25' to 35' long and 3 to 5 tons, double ended with a pink (pointed) stern, an outboard rudder mounted off the stern post. Hulls were framed and planked with white oak, later decks of white pine were added to protect cargoes. Caulking seams was done with tarred hemp (oakum) and hulls and decks were sealed with tar, pitch, or tallow.

Sails, rigging, and rope were woven from hemp fiber. Two unstayed masts (a foremast and a mainmast amidships) carried gaff-rigged sails. There was no bowsprit. The tall, backslanted stemhead ("ram's head") served as a bit over which dropped the eye or collar of a mooring pennant. They were designed to be crewed by a man and a boy, easy to sail, stable for hand lining and hauling cod over the sides.

Local families probably built their own boats during the winter months for spring and summer fishing trips. Not all were built at riverside yards, many were built at nearby dwellings and on common lands, then dragged down into the river on sledges or oversized cartwheel rigs by up to two score

teams of oxen. In an 1817 visit to Chebacco Parish, Reverend William Bentley of Salem noted "the sight of Jebacco boats building for the bay fishing, not only at every landing place but in the yards of farmers some distance from the shores..." Records show 55 and 65-ton Chebacco boats hauled nearly a mile to the river and Capt. John Woodbury of Hamilton hauled his Chebacco boats nearly give miles from his homestead to the Chebacco River.

As Chebacco Parish builders gained skill and notoriety for their fishing boats, they started to gain vessel markets in Cape Ann and Down East Maine. Parish fishermen began to have an attractive option, they could either sell the Chebacco boat they built that winter to coastal buyers or bring home a profitable fare of fish.

But men of Chebacco Parish probably didn't think of themselves as commercial shipbuilders, they were fishermen running small coastal fleets. As early as 1641 Ipswich was planning a cod fishery. By 1715 there were 13 boats operating out of the Ipswich River alone, with others probably on the Chebacco River. By 1732 Essex historian Reverend Crowell says fishing was the key local industry in Chebacco Parish.

By 1770 some 30 Chebacco boats sailed downriver and downeast to fish Damaris Cove (Damariscotta, Maine). The fleet brought their fish ashore in Chebacco Parish to be cured. Fish flakes (open air drying racks for split cod) and warehouses were positioned along the river at convenient offloading points on Hog Island, Thompson's Island, Warehouse Island, and Clay Point. By 1804 the Parish fleet had grown to 40 Chebaccos hunting cod and mackerel, most owned and sailed by the men who built them.

During the Revolutionary War (1775-1783) the British Navy captured or destroyed the American colonial fishing fleets up and down the New England coastline. Tradition says that impoverished Yankee fishermen, unable to replace lost sloops, and schooners, turned in droves to cost effective, two-masted Chebacco boats. Their business recovered quickly.

By 1792 Gloucester had 133 Chebacco boats in its fleet and by 1804 that number was recorded as 200 vessels. Reverend Bentley said in 1799 that there were 300 "Jebacco" boats fishing on Cape Ann, with half sailing from Sandy Bay Parish (now Rockport, Massachusetts). A Rockport history claims that "at times" up to 60 Chebacco boats were moored in Long Cove and a considerable number at Pigeon Cove.

Moorings were huge flat stones weighing four to six tons with a center hole. A large oak tree stripped of branches but with roots intact was shoved through the stone hole until about 4' was exposed above high water. A 9" cable attached to the stump carried an iron chain and ring collar which slipped over the stemhead of the Chebacco boat.

Parish builders in turn enlarged the length and tonnage of the Chebacco to make it better suited for longer offshore fishing and trading voyages. By the period 1790-1800 a typical Chebacco had reached nearly 40' on deck, about 12' beam, and nearly 25 tons register. A Chebacco might draw about 4' of water forward and about 6' aft. Mid-ship the boat was very full and round, nearly 6' deep in the hold. These boats usually carried a crew of two men and a boy.

Two rectangular wells or "standing rooms" were built crosswise into the deck fore and aft to allow crewmen to stand protected while they fished with handlines over the side. Next to each well was a covered hatch to the fish hold below. A third well enabled the tillerman to stand protected as he steered. The two standing rooms could be covered during sailing legs of the voyage. Forward decks were raised to allow a small forecabin below with room for up to four berths and an open brick hearth fireplace. The raised deck created a "cuddy" from which small log rails ran aft to the pink stern. There were no bulwarks. Tholepins amidships could hold long sweep oars for rowing in coves, rivers, and tidal inlets.

There was also a variation on the pink-stern Chebacco, the square-stern "dogbody." Built from about 1790 to 1825, the largest ranged about 48' on deck. When builders added a bowsprit and jib around 1815 this new variation was called a "jigger." Dogbodies reportedly sailed to and from the West Indies on trading voyages.

Growth of the Ipswich, Chebacco River, and Cape Ann fleets from 1640 to 1820 provided the prime motive for early Parish shipbuilding. Not only did this regional fishery help create the Chebacco boat, it drove and perfected the Chebacco shipwright's craft. From about 1825 to 1835 Chebacco men gave up cod and mackerel fisheries. The parishioners found shipbuilding safer and more profitable, as voyages to offshore fishing grounds became more distant and more hazardous.

Dana Story, historian and author of *The Shipbuilders of Essex*, quotes historian Henry Hall, "...that which enabled men to learn and practice steadily the trade of ship carpenter was the fishing business, and all the early builders learned their art... for that branch of the service... the fishing business also... supplied captains and crew of the trading ships..."

Resurrecting the Chebacco Boat: A Shipwright's Perspective

What Did Harold Burnham Discover About 17th and 18th Century Vessel Design?

Chebacco, Parish of Ipswich, Massachusetts was settled in 1634 and was incorporated into the Town of Essex in 1819. The boats which were built in or fished out of Chebacco Parish were known as Chebacco boats. The early Chebacco boats were probably shallops, similar to those brought over by the early settlers. Over time Chebacco boats evolved to meet current conditions, needs, and available materials as well as the eye of their individual builders.

I designed and built the *Lewis H. Story* for The Essex Historical Society & Shipbuilding Museum in 1998 as a representative of the Chebacco boats and as a Museum flagship. As no models, plans, or detailed drawings of Chebacco boats existed, developing her design was an interesting process.

With the expert consultation of renowned maritime historian Eric A.R. Ronnberg Jr. and many others, I carefully studied all I could about Chebacco boats, including the tools, techniques, and materials Chebacco builders had available to them. I

then put myself in their shoes. Combining what I had studied with my own life's experience building boats, sailing, and fishing from their same element, I developed a boat that would effectively suit their needs as well as those of the Museum.

Although I used some modern tools and techniques to build her, her scantlings and design are about what I figure I would have come up with if I had been using the methods of eye and axe. With the exception of her locust trunnels, pine deck, and spruce spars she is built entirely of white oak. It should be noted that I picked much of her timber standing, including the spars and the natural crooks which fit the curvature of her hull. This wood was donated by Sheldon Pennoyer, Essex County Greenbelt, and Trustees of the Reservations.

Some might note that, for her size, the *Story* is built extremely heavy. There is reason for this, further than her burdensome shape. My family's experience has taught us that boats in the Essex River spend at least half their time aground at low tide. So the *Story* is built not only to float, but to ground out and possibly point-load with 10,000 pounds of cod kenched in her hold.

Looking over the *Story* you will see that she has large thwartships hatches or "standing rooms." These are to allow the safety and convenience of handline fishing from inside the boat and are located directly beside the hatches at either end of the hold. The decks beside the standing rooms are at table height and the low bulwarks are to contain fish on deck before they are split.

Because the *Story* was designed as much as a flagship as a fishing vessel, I located her forecabin bulkhead one station aft of where I would have put it otherwise. This allowed a larger accommodation space. Her aft fish hold is also enlarged in order to house her donated Yanmar marine Diesel engine.

As much as the *Story* represents what our ancestors could do, she represents as well what we can do today. She is the result of the efforts of many who committed their time, money, and materials towards her construction. If there was one message I would like to give to everyone who looks the *Lewis H. Story* over, it is that she was built to spark their interest, not to answer their questions. In the words of the late William A. Baker, "Just how an early Chebacco boat looked is anyone's guess." The *Lewis H. Story* is mine.

Harold Burnham

Who Was Lewis H. Story?

And why name a Chebacco Boat after him?

A shipyard worker's notes become America's maritime history

When Harold Burnham, builder of the *Lewis H. Story*, needed research on the form and function of a Chebacco boat, he read the notes of Lewis H. Story. When Howard Chapelle, maritime historian of the Smithsonian Institution and author of books on historic vessel design, wanted the same information, he read the notes of Lewis H. Story and acknowledged Lewis in his famous 1951 book, *American Small Sailing Craft*.

So who was Lewis H. Story? Was he a college professor of maritime history? Was he a famous boatbuilder? Was he a published author? The answer is humbling, yet inspiring. Lewis Henry Story was born in 1873 and died in 1948. This quiet, gentle soul lived as a

bachelor with his sisters in his Essex family homestead his whole life. He worked in town shipyards, at a variety of tasks, whatever it took to squeeze out a living. But Lewis was a fine craftsman, a carver of the etched letters and intricate scrollwork on the trailboards and nameboards that adorned many Essex-built vessels. He also carved miniature ships in bas relief as decorative plaques he sold to supplement his meager shipyard earnings.

Lewis had only a modest amount of formal education and held no academic degrees. Yet he loved researching the history of wooden shipbuilding in Chebacco Parish and Essex. Now maritime historians around the world credit "Looie Newt" for his natural scholarship and his handwritten notes that preserved records of a remarkable village industry. This bachelor shipyard worker singlehandedly saved much of the history of local shipbuilding, filed on index cards he kept in shoeboxes.

Let Us Imagine...

"...let us imagine... watching that great maritime parade of our vessels coming past us down that little river on their way out to sea: shallops, Chebaccos, dogbodies, heeltappers, sloops, pinkies, sharpshooters, clippers, brigs, brigantines, barques, the ship *Ann Maria*, water boats, tugs, workboats, scows, tern schooners, three-masters with two decks, passenger steamers, steam trawlers, Diesel trawlers, yachts and, of course, the hundreds and hundreds of fishing schooners. Bringing up the rear should be the mighty *Vidette*, 191' long, preceded by *Esperanto*, *Elsie*, *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Henry Ford*, *Columbia*, and *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, thousands of them, it would take weeks to pass by. What a sight! What a record! What a heritage!"

Dana A. Story, Shipbuilders of Essex

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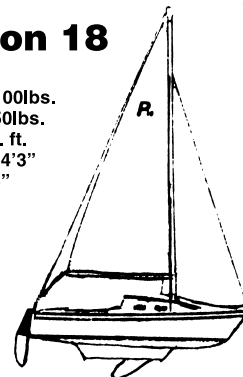
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The Essex Historical Society & Shipbuilding Museum

Stories of Life and Work in a
New England Coastal Village

In 1976 advertising executive Jim Witham, Dana Story (son of famous Essex, Massachusetts, shipwright A.D. Story), and other patrons established a Shipbuilding Museum as an offshoot of The Essex Historical Society. In the 1990s, the Museum purchased Old Story Shipyard, site of one of America's oldest shipyards, where shipbuilding has been done since at least 1668.

Historians estimate that the town's shipyards may have launched over 4,000 vessels, primarily between the American Civil War and the Great Depression. Yet shipbuilding continues in Essex, as witnessed by local boatshops and the recent Museum Shipyard launchings of the *Thomas E. Lannon* (a schooner replica built for the charter trade) and the *Lewis H. Story*.

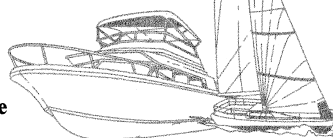
Exhibits, education programs, shipyard events, and voyages of the *Lewis H. Story* are designed to help visitors understand the compelling story of how a small salt river village of craftsmen, farmers, and fishermen quietly became world famous as one of America's most important centers for commercial wooden shipbuilding.

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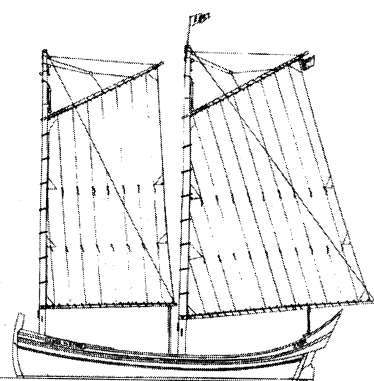
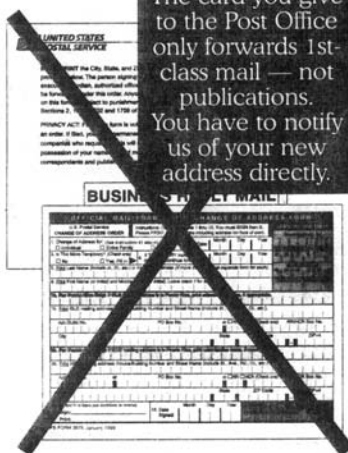
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The very best of the Indians' genius went to the devising of that graceful craft, the birch bark canoe. In a land thick-strewn with lakes and threaded with innumerable water courses the canoe was brought to its perfection. The Indian did all his tracking by water. The craft in which he journeyed had to combine many and apparently conflicting qualities.

It had to be as seaworthy as a fisherman's lugger to endure the waves of such inland seas as Erie or such broad tides as the St. Lawrence.

It had to be almost as light of draft as a withered leaf to sail the dancing shallows of streams shrunken by midsummer drought.

It had to be noiseless in movement as a swimming mallard, that its owner might steal upon his enemy unawares or surprise the watchful caribou at his drinking.

It had to be capacious to carry squaw and child and food and furs and trophies on long expeditions.

It had to be capable of easy and swift repair, in case of accident, with such material as might be at hand in any of our northern forests.

It had to have a means of propulsion more compact and manageable than clumsy oars, which cannot be wielded in narrow streams or obstructed forest channels.

It had to be so light in weight that a man could carry it on his shoulders from one water to another, perhaps over miles of trackless wilderness.

It had to be capable of sailing like a yacht when winds were fair and waters open, for the Indian was economical of the labor of his hands.

All these requirements the Indians of such tribes as the Iroquois, Huron, Algonquin, or Ojibway combined in their wonderful boat of cedar and birch bark. They added, moreover, beauty of line which was simply the most perfect blending of lightness, strength, and speed.

This graceful and feline structure, the consummate expression of the race which produced it, is, of all watercraft, the best adapted to the delights of a summer holiday. A boat can in no way compare with it, except for family parties, some of whose members are apt to wear a forced smile from the moment of embarking until dry ground they find themselves again on

A boat is clumsy at the best of times. It is mechanical and formal. Its passenger may lounge at some ease in a cushioned seat but the rower must sit up on a backless bench whether he be working or idling. If he should have the temerity to forsake his seat and attempt to share that cushioned luxury in the stern, up goes the bow high in air and the situation becomes ridiculous.

A boat, moreover, cannot go finely when there is not room to wield a wide pair of oars. It demands also a certain depth of water that the keel may not scrape and the oar blade splash helplessly. It cannot explore those furtive, secluded streams where the flowers may be plucked from both banks at the same time, where the tall ferns lean over in cool green arches, and the world of other people is quite shut out. In fact, just where a great many people, under propitious circumstances, would most want to go the boat cannot take them.

But just here is the canoe most at home. In the canoe, not only the passenger but the paddler is permitted to lounge. The passenger sits luxuriantly as on a couch. The pad-

The Indian's Gift to Modern Recreation

By Charles G.D. Roberts
Submitted by Steve Lapey

(This is an interesting article that I found on the WCHA web site and I thought it should be shared with you. It may not be 100% politically correct for today, but keep in mind that it was published in *The Illustrated American Magazine*, May 8, 1897).

dler may kneel, or sit up as stiffly as in a boat if he wishes, but on the other hand he may sit low on a cushion with another cushion at his back and dip his blade in the laziest manner imaginable, yet make very creditable progress all the time. When even such light effort becomes like the grasshopper, he can lie back at his post and loaf or dream as deliciously as if in a hammock swung beneath apple trees. Such advantages as this what summer punt can offer?

Again, in the case of the boat, the rower needs eyes in the back of his head if he would escape a twisted neck. Unless the passenger steers for him and sometimes when she does he must be ceaselessly turning to select his course, if rowing in a narrow stream.

In the canoe the paddler is at the stern, facing the way he would go. The passenger looks at him instead of at the changing landscape. There is nothing to divert her attention from the skillful fashion in which he wields his paddle. Her business is solely to talk to him, or listen to him, and let him take her whither he will. It is exactly the arrangement which all men, and most women probably, prefer. It even partakes of the quality of an ordinance of nature.

There is but one drawback. Anyone can handle a boat after a fashion, and none guess how little he knows about it till the day of disaster comes. But one must be at some pains to learn the management of a canoe. A canoe is like a horse of high mettle. Rightly managed, you can do anything with it. But it is full of unpleasant surprises for the bungler.

In learning to handle a canoe, the beginner should take the bow paddle and be coached by an experienced canoe man in the stern. The stroke of the bow single-bladed paddle, be it remembered, is the simple propelling stroke. It is delivered as straight up and down, as may be, without scraping the side of the canoe. If the blade of the paddle is thrust out on a slant from the gunwale, as if striving to emulate an oar, its propulsive power is almost lost and its tendency to turn the canoe around is greatly multiplied, which means exasperation to the paddler in the stern. The paddle, at the end of the stroke, clears the water without any twist of the wrist.

The duty of the bow paddler in clear water is simply to force the canoe ahead by pulling the water toward him with the blade of the paddle. To do this most effectively is the nicety of the art. How to kneel or sit, how to hold the paddle, how to begin and complete the stroke, how to recover, these are points that can only be taught under the watchful eye of the master craftsman in the stern. But three or four lessons should teach them to anyone, man or woman, who has what may be called the outdoor aptitude.

But the art of canoeing lies in the mastery of the stern paddle. The stern paddle controls the destinies of the craft. It urges the canoe ahead more effectively than the bow paddle. It shapes the course and regulates the pace so subtly that it seems like a matter of mere volition. The process, indeed, with the experienced canoeist does become practically instinctive. Further, it depends upon the stern paddle whether the canoe shall prove a shifting, treacherous thing, liable to tip out its occupants at any moment, or a stable craft that will ride in safety over seas that the ordinary rowboat would never dare to face.

The secret lies in the turn of the wrist. A simple matter, it would seem. Indeed, the born canoeist finds it so, those who have canoeing thrust upon them find it not so easy.

It must be learned from practice, not from the printed page. But the principle of it may be suggested. It is a development, of course, of the stroke of the bow paddle. That stroke drives the canoe ahead, but at the same time it pushes it forcibly to the side away from the paddle. The same stroke, delivered in the stern, produces the same effect. Keep it up and the canoe moves in a circle.

If, however, the beginner will turn the paddle blade sharply outward at the end of the stroke and try to push the water away from the side of the canoe, he will find that this circular movement is checked. The twist of the wrist does this. When the beginner realizes how the two forces, the propulsive and the directive, may be brought into harmony, the battle is three-quarters gained. The perfect stroke of the stern paddle combines the two motions in one and varies the degree of each force according to the needs of the moment, as instinctively as the violinist's fingers find its right place on the strings.

When this point of skill is reached the sympathy between canoeist and canoe is perfect. The canoe obeys its master's will. It becomes fairly, for the time, a part of him. It is safe, as no skiff or punt can ever be, because it is under the complete control of its master's paddle which can hold it steady and level on the very crest of a huge sea. Then it becomes the cunning guide to the heart of summer's secrets, the sympathetic promoter of sweet intimacies.

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Anacapa is a small island that was first inhabited by the Chumash, a Native American tribe that once thrived along the California coast. Its name literally means "Island of Deception" and this story is about how I discovered why they gave the island this name.

We had been planning the trip for months. Several people had expressed interest, but only three of us made it: me, my brother-in-law Dan, and my father-in-law Larry. We knew it was a bit risky, seeing as how the three of us had a total of less than 20 miles kayaking experience combined, but that was about to change.

We left our homes in Rancho Cucamonga around 10am and headed to Oxnard. Now at this time it should be noted that we wanted to leave around 8am but Larry had to fly in from a business meeting in Colorado that morning and did not get into L.A. until 7am or so. By the time we got to Oxnard, rented a kayak, and put some food in our stomachs it was 12:30pm, but we still had to unload all our gear on the beach and latch it on to one of our two kayaks.

I had done some research as to the type of gear we needed on a trip of this caliber and the type of dangers we might encounter during an open ocean voyage in a kayak. What I found was that my kayak, a 12' plastic sit-on-top by Crescent Splash and the kayak we rented, a 14' plastic sit-on-top by Ocean Kayak, were not exactly "recommended" for a trip like this. In fact, you might go so far as to say the experts might call us "idiots," "fools," or any other number of names indicating a lack of intelligence, but we were undaunted. If the Chumash could make it across in their wooden boats then surely, with today's technology, we too could conquer the ocean.

Aside from our underrated watercraft we also had something else going against us. Without experience we had no idea how much supplies to bring (food, water, clothes, etc.) and so we brought everything, and I mean everything.

During the loading and launching process an obvious veteran in a classic wooden kayak and wetsuit, who was no doubt practicing barrel rolls and hunting whales moments before, beached his kayak near us and asked, "You leaving for the island now?"

A little intimidated, like Danielsan addressing Mr. Miyagi, I said, "Yeah, we're survivors," but I had no idea how true that would be. He gave us one word of caution, "It's pretty flat out there, but it might get windy near the island." With that he left us to our fate, probably expecting to read our story in the paper, "Three Idiots Die Trying to go to Anacapa in Yellow Plastic Kayaks. What Were They Thinking?"

As we finished latching all our gear onto the kayaks we looked off toward our destination. We could see Anacapa even through the overcast layer of clouds and I was surprised at how close it "looked." I expected an island 12 miles away to look a lot smaller but I was encouraged by what looked to be a distant, yet obtainable, goal. I got into the single Ocean Kayak while Dan and Larry squeezed into the overloaded Crescent Splash II. Our adventure had begun.

The sea was surprisingly calm. It made Lake Tahoe, a trip we had just made a month earlier, look like a raging beast, and early on paddling was easy as the current swept us along. That is, except for my kayak, which pulled to the right. It was the type of thing

Anacapa: Island of Deception

that seems mildly annoying at first, but ends up making you wild with rage after several miles, or maybe that's just me.

Our first goal was to reach what we referred to as an oil derrick, and initially we seemed to be making good progress toward our objective, but somehow as the time went by it became as stationary as a mountain. No matter how much we paddled, it didn't get any closer. This should have been our first hint that this island was further than it appeared. When we finally reached the platform about 2½ hours had passed and we judged that we were about halfway there.

In reality, this was a pretty close estimate, the only problem was our kayaking muscles were already starting to show signs of weakness. Larry a 50-something businessman who is more known for reading than athleticism, Dan, a 30-something supervisor at a school for kids with special needs who is an avid hiker, but previously only a one-time kayaker, and me, a 28-year-old English teacher who dreams of being more active if only I had the time, the three of us were starting to fade.

This became even more evident when Dan and I decided to switch kayaks in the middle of the ocean. He hopped out to relieve himself while I made the transfer from one kayak to another. The instant my arms began to support my body weight, it felt like every square centimeter of every muscle cramped immediately. Fortunately I fell into the double kayak without tipping us over. Next it was Dan's turn, he made several efforts to throw his body into the the kayak while we steadied it with our paddles. It was all I could do to not let that kayak tip over and soak all of our gear, but we did it and once again we were on our way.

Before I go on I must explain that the second question people ask when you tell them you are going across the ocean in a kayak (the first one being "Are you crazy?") is "What about sharks?" This thought had crossed my mind and during my research I found that white sharks were doubtful but mako sharks were possible. In fact, just one month prior to our trip they had had a mako hunting competition. I believe the winning shark was somewhere around 10', 500lbs. Nothing a little gouge in the eye or sharp knife to the gills wouldn't take care of (these were my pre-planned defenses, right after bleeding all over him and hoping one bite of my bony body would repulse any shark looking for a fat meal).

This leads me to our next eventful moment, the sighting. As we were cruising along my eyes were constantly scanning the horizon for the infamous dorsal fin. Then all of a sudden there it was. A white tipped dorsal fin cruising in from the side and about 50' behind us. It was hard to tell how big the fish was but I knew it was a shark by the way it stealthily cruised through the water. I immediately pointed it out to Larry and he turned only to see it vanish beneath the surface.

"What should we do?" I asked as the adrenaline started to kick in.

"Just keep going. Is Dan the type who would panic?"

"No, I don't think so. Hey Dan, come here!" I yelled. The plan was to travel as close together as possible so that we would seem like a bigger target, hopefully too big for the shark to want to deal with. I don't know how long it was but seeing that white tipped dorsal fin was enough incentive to keep me paddling for a long time even though it never appeared again.

By now the island was considerably closer and one thing that this revealed to us was that from shore we were looking at West Anacapa but we wanted to go to East Anacapa. As the curtain of clouds was pulled back we could see that the island was much longer than we had anticipated. However, this did not seem like a big deal, we made a slight adjustment with our trusty compass and started on a new course. It was about 6pm and the sun wasn't due to go down for another two hours. Although we were late, we felt optimistic about our chances of getting there by 8pm, a mere two hours behind schedule.

Seven o'clock, we were not far from the island when we started to see splashing about a half-mile in front of us. At first I was hoping it would be a pod of whales, but as we approached the sight where we saw the splashing it became apparent that they were too small to be whales. Instead, it was a pod of dolphins. I wasn't sure what to do but I am the type of person who would regret it forever if I did not try to get as close as possible, so we built up some speed and coasted right toward the main action. I had my disposable waterproof camera ready to go.

It was amazing. What we had seen in the distance was the dolphins performing some of their trademark aerial stunts, but now they were circling together and we were right in the middle of it. I snapped away with my camera as blowhole after blowhole calmly came up for a breath of air. There were probably at least ten dolphins in our immediate vicinity. I could have reached out and touched one if I wanted to, but the disappointment I had felt when I found that these were dolphins instead of whales was quickly replaced by relief, because when you're right next to a creature like this in its own environment it's a little more humbling than you might imagine.

Besides, these dolphins were easily close to the size of our kayaks and, believe me, that is one ratio I would prefer to have more in my favor. I'm not sure how Dan and Larry felt but this was exactly what I was looking for. In my mind, even after going through what was to come, this single experience made the entire trip worth it for me.

Eight o'clock, the sun was going down but we were relatively close to the island. We still had nothing to worry about, or so we thought. By now several friendly sea lions had made our acquaintance as they jumped up and down at the bow and in the wake of our kayaks. I use the term "wake" loosely here because by this time our arms were rubber. Once in a while I would go mad with frustration at our lack of progress and paddle furiously despite the pain, but this only led to more frustration as the island would undoubtedly move backward with every stroke we took. It was inconceivable that something that appeared so close could seem so stationary. Never moving, we only noticed progress in sparse moments of time when suddenly we realized some detail we couldn't see earlier, like "Hey, I didn't know that was

a huge boulder. An hour ago it just looked like part of the cliff."

Nine o'clock, why are we still in our kayaks!? What we had failed to notice in our weakened state was that the current near the island was pushing us southeast of the island. It was like being on a treadmill that rotated. The only reason we caught on was because what had once been a long picturesque view of the island turned into a short black dot that wasn't getting any closer. It was like looking at a long bus from the side view and then suddenly realizing that you are looking at the bus straight on.

A very disheartening feeling came over us as we trudged on. It was now dark. The steep cliffs which were once becoming more and more visible were now a dark black. The lighthouse on the east end of the island was our only constant, but the one thing that was in our favor was that the sea remained calm. Throughout our whole trip we didn't encounter any huge waves or any prevailing winds. It was as smooth as glass the whole way, the only thing we had to struggle against was the currents, which turned our 12-mile trip into probably a 14- or 15-mile trip, but overall we were more than blessed by God in regards to the weather. However, it was so dark I couldn't see Dan at all. I just yelled periodically to make sure he wasn't being swept out to sea.

We made our way back toward the island after being pushed southeast and found that it was surrounded by jagged rocks and thick kelp beds, not a beach in sight. Our slow progress was made even slower by the thick kelp beds, but we were happy just to be next to the island of deception.

Our next challenge was to find the dock, but at this time we would've settled for any place to get out of our kayaks and stand. We had been in the kayaks over seven hours now and at one point Larry was so desperate to get out that he tried to scramble onto a small rock formation covered with barnacles, but as the sea surged up and down we realized our only hope was to find the dock. I knew it was a raised dock, about 12' above the water, but the black walls of the island made everything blend together. Visibility was extremely low and I kept repeating to Larry, "This is not a good situation." We were exhausted, beaten, and inexperienced.

With each moment that passed by it seemed our chances of finding anywhere to stop for the night were drifting away. We paddled as close as we could near the area of where we thought the dock should be but we didn't want to get too close for fear that the waves might push us into the jagged rocks. At one point we saw a huge crane on a man-made platform and Dan asked, "Is that it?" I wasn't sure, but I said no, based on the description I remembered from the book, so we went about a mile along the coast of Anacapa before stopping to get out the map and headlamp.

Once we could see the map, we found that the dock was about a mile back, right where we started. I apologized for my mistake in navigation and we headed back toward the lighthouse, which was above the dock. The one positive thing about being out on the ocean so late was that we were able to see the water light up with glowing particles every time we put our paddles in the water. I'm not sure what it was but it added to our unique experience.

When we finally got back to the dock it was 10pm. You may think the story ends here, but before I go on I must remind you of our state of being. Imagine a time when you were extremely tired and multiply it by ten. Imagine a time when you were extremely sore and multiply it by 11. Imagine a time when you were very hungry, desperate, and frustrated and multiply it by 100. I knew the dock would be 12' above sea level but I didn't exactly think through how difficult it would be to lift several hundred pounds of gear and kayak that high.

We pulled up to the ladder and I was the first to get off, mind you I haven't used my legs in eight hours. Needless to say my ascent up the cold, wet, steel ladder was a bit shaky while Dan and Larry clung to the ladder down below as surge after surge tried to pull them away. When I finally reached the top I was supposed to lower a hoist and simply pull our gear to the top with this well-crafted machine, but my legs weren't cooperating, neither was my mind. I literally staggered around like a drunken sailor on leave for the first time in three months or a newborn fawn using its legs for the first time (choose your simile).

Meanwhile Dan and Larry became increasingly less tolerant of my lack of progress. Considering our slowly developing madness, if I was in their position I probably would have had murderous visions running through my mind regarding the person who had ascended the ladder. Fortunately they are much kinder than I am, or at least they didn't share their true feelings aside from a few verbal jabs directed at my sloth-like pace while they dangled like limp noodles at the mercy of the waves. Finally I admitted defeat and said, "I can't figure this out."

"I just want to stand," said Dan. Larry agreed so Dan tied his boat off and I began to make trips back and forth on the cold, wet ladder, unloading our gear one piece at a time. Eventually Larry and Dan made their way to the top and were able to understand my struggle with walking. Neither of them could figure out the hoist either so we continued to unload our gear, one piece at a time. This is where I will reference something I said in the beginning which was, we didn't know what to bring so we brought everything, including twice as much water as necessary.

This may seem like a reasonable problem, but at 10pm, after you've been paddling for eight hours, when you've given everything you've got and more, hauling extra water (one of our heaviest items) up a ladder just isn't as enjoyable as it may sound, however, we did it.

Next it was time for the kayaks themselves, each weighing roughly 70lbs. Since we couldn't figure out the hoist we simply tied a line to the kayaks and pulled them up by one end. Keep in mind that our kayaks are 12' and 14' long and we have to get them over a 3' guard rail up onto the raised dock. The challenge was to get the nose high enough that we could use our weight to lift the other end in the air and slide it onto the dock. Once again, this is harder than it may seem. The three of us combined at this moment had the strength of one man, if we were lucky, but we sucked it up and used every bit of muscle we had left (mostly Dan).

There was a moment when we had one of the kayaks at the critical point, where it was about to tip in our favor, but it started to slide back to the water below. Dan jumped on

it with all his weight and God must have given it a little nudge with his finger because if it had fallen back down I don't know if psychologically we would've had the resolve to believe we could do it. When we finally got the kayaks to the top we took a much needed rest and prepared to finish our journey.

From here I could tell you about having to hike up 150 steep stairs with our gear, hiking half-mile in the dark to a campsite that didn't exist, the pungent smell of bird poo (one visitor affectionately called the island "AnaCRAPa"), setting up camp on a 150' cliff at midnight, becoming local heroes as well as idiots, our pot-smoking neighbors, amazing snorkeling, exploring sea caves, our five-hour trip back, and the huge cargo ship that passed within a couple hundred yards, but this is where I'll end until next August. Are you in?

Description

East Anacapa is a very small island that is surrounded with sheer cliffs, no beaches. You could probably tour the whole island in less than three hours but unless you're an ornithologist (bird freak) you probably won't like it because they're everywhere and so is their poo. There are beautiful views and a lighthouse, but the camping is just a semi-flat dirt patch and a port-a-potty for a bathroom, no running water. At night the deer mice come out and try to get into everything. If you leave anything out they will poo on it and they have been known to have the hanta virus on some of the other Channel Islands (not Anacapa).

The real attraction of the island, in my opinion, is the surrounding ocean. It is very easy to get up close and personal with nature. Even in the landing cove there are great things to see. Dan and I went snorkeling there late one day and a sea lion came right up next to us until it noticed our presence and took off. My heart was pounding furiously, but you can't beat that experience.

Kayaking and snorkeling are great activities because the water is clear and there are several sea caves and two shipwrecks that I have yet to explore. One of the caves is supposedly 300' long, but it is on West Anacapa and you can only go in on a calm day. There are also many fisherman and scuba divers who visit the island.

Some say that the Channel Islands are the true California beach because they have not been overdeveloped by us humans. Regardless, Anacapa is the best place I have seen to snorkel in California and kayaking the 12 miles to get there makes it much more rewarding (for me at least).



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I have a cousin, a little younger than me, from whom I was inseparable until I joined the Navy. We even invented our own language in which we were both named "Old Eeen." We did a lot of wild things together when we were boys, and his folks said that I was the one who always instigated the worst of those things. After I got out of the Navy I continued to try to push up some kind of insurrection in the Old Eeen.

One of the things we did when we were boys was to try to live off the "fat of the land" back in the river swamp like we were some of the wild people of long ago. The land back there, though isolated and wild enough, wasn't as fat to two little new boys as it had been to the long gone, old hands who had left their sign along the banks of the river. We did manage to live like wild things for weeks at the time, but we were some hard bitten, filthy, and very hungry little boogers when we finally made the decision to give it up and walk out to see if there were any cinnamon rolls in the pantry.

After I came home from the Navy I found that the Old Eeen had grown up. While I was gone I had figured out some more ways to render a little more of that fat from the land and I was anxious to go wild again, but the Old Eeen was always remodeling the bathroom, or hanging Venetian blinds, or fooling with his damn car, or some other civilized domestic chore. I missed him, but that didn't keep me out of the bushes, swamps, and wild coastline around where we live. On one of my explorations, I found Pleistocene Creek.

I was down there at the coast messing around in the marshes and rocky shallows where, if you can ignore the contrails of the jets heading to cursed Tallahassee, it is possible to imagine that nothing has changed since the old days. I noticed that in some of the little marsh creeks, even on the rising tide, the water seemed to be running out and it seemed to be a little bit fresh tasting.

I wondered if some of those little marsh creeks might actually be tributaries of undiscovered rivers that flowed from the abundant limestone cave springs which, when the sea level was lower, were home to the people of the Pleistocene, the hunters of the mighty mastodon and the long-haired mammoth, eaters of the colossal megatherion and giant bison, savage competition for the great bears and terrible cats whose bones are found around the ancient fires, among other artifacts, wonderfully preserved, in the cave springs ever since the time of the Ice Age.

Those are the same springs that made the rivers that still bear the names that the people gave them so many thousands of years ago. After the ice melted back to about where it is now and the sea came back, people lived along the banks of the old rivers and spoke the ancient names. These were the cheerful catchers of the lowly oyster, pinfish, blue crab, mullet, scallop, and Seminole kill-fish, the durable parts of which show up in the kitchen middens from only a thousand years ago. These were the same cheerful, capable people who were run off by worried fools like us, who roar thoughtlessly around in high-powered machines and don't even know the name of the place where we are or see what it is like.

Late one fall I took my lightest boat way back in the marsh and let myself become stranded by a low spring tide when the north wind blew the water even further away from the land. Tasting the trickles, I dragged the

The Best of Robb White 1997–2000

Pleistocene Creek

By Robb White

(Robb displayed much interest in, and enthusiasm for, natural places and ways, this tale from the July 1, 1999 issue was a good illustration).

boat through the little marsh creeks all through the mud and over the rocks and oyster bars looking for a stream running fresh water. It was hard work.

When it got to be dark I squatted in the low tide mud and savagely ate my raw pelecypod snack and lay my skeeter and no-see-um-bit self down in the bottom of my tiny boat where it was grounded solid in the mud of the creek that I was working my way up right then. Before daylight I was awakened by the wind singing in the trees, trees that weren't there when I went to sleep.

I found out that the wind had shifted around to the southeast, the tide had turned, and the combination had done, in just a few hours, what I had been trying to do off and on for a long, long time. I was drifting in my tiny boat, spinning slowly in the current, in a small, limestone banked river so far from highways, boat landings, and houses and so hard to get to that it was easy to convince myself that I was the first person to see it since the wild people.

After it got to be daylight I could see what it was like. I was in a concise, deep little river, maybe 50' wide. The solution hole riddled limestone banks were almost vertical and there was a layer of black loam overhanging the rock walls. The woods on either side were higher than anything I had seen along this section of coast. There was an overstory of cabbage palm, red cedar, and live oak trees.

Except for scattered palmettos, a few yaupon (*Ilex vomitoria*) bushes and leaves, the ground was shaded bare. I could see taller trees further back from the river which might have been ash, tulip poplar, swamp hickory (*H. aquatica*), magnolia grandiflora, red bay, and laurel oak. Some places on the bank and little ponds off the river were lower than the rest and there were short, big, bald cypress trees and tupelo.

There was a generations old osprey nest in a cypress snag right on the edge of the creek. It was easy to see potshards sticking out of the dirt along the bank and in the shallow nooks of the river. I saw two shell middens that looked untouched since the last person had dumped the last basket of shells a thousand years ago. Though I longed to start looking further, I knew better. Those things didn't belong to me and, besides, the tide was already getting ready to go out. I paddled with it, looking at the landmarks as best I could, and went to get the Old Eeen.

Things in the modern world are always more complicated than they ought to be and it was a long time before I could get back to that place. My wife and I had two little boys by then so I was working all week at a paying job and the boat building business took all my weekends. I guess I sort of joined the

Old Eeen in the real world for a while. I didn't have time to paddle for days, sleeping in the bottom of the boat at night, just to get to the memorized spot to go into the marsh.

One of the outboard skiffs that has become so indispensable to me now would get me down the coast to the go-in place, but that wouldn't have felt right so I put it off until I had the time to paddle all that long, long way. Neither I nor the Old Eeen had time to do things right anymore. That wonderful place was just as safe from us as it was from the TV football fans for a long time.

Finally I managed to shake loose one January when I got laid off at the furniture factory where I was working at that time. I called the Old Eeen. He was just getting ready to paint the house and fix the gutters but I browbeat him into putting it off for a little while since it was so cold. On the way down in the car, I told him about that place for the first time. I painted a pretty picture, too.

Then I said, "Eeen, we could go wild again. We could stay wild this time. Nobody in the world knows about that place but me. It ain't on the quadrangles and you can't even see it from an airplane. Even if they knew, nobody would drag a boat all that way just to get to a little creek too far from the TV. You could just not show up in your classroom on Monday morning. The doings of the world would get along just fine without either one of us. Your wife owns them two newspapers, she has her teaching certificate, too. You know she could get along just fine without you and, Lord knows, mine would soar like an eagle if she could drop this old heavy load.

We could go back there and just set this damned skiffboat adrift. This norther would take it to Cuba. Somebody would be delighted to find it washed up. We could dug us out a canoe and live off the fat of the land forever. Wouldn't ever have to worry about no insurance or nothing." The Old Eeen sat silently over there on his side trying to act like he was looking out the fogged-up window.

"We could be real savages, too, like the unconquered Calusas," I went on. "We could paddle swiftly but silently out of the marsh in our canoe, keep our heads down out of sight behind the grass, then we could swoop down on those fishing boats out on the flats, slip up behind them before they knew what was happening, and knock them in the head with a lighter'd knot. We could drink all the beer out of their iceboxes and smoke up their cigars and then send their boats on off to Cuba, too. Nobody would ever know, 'lost at sea.'"

The Old Eeen's eyes darted around a little bit but he still sat there silently. Finally he reached in his pocket and got him a cigar and gave me one, too. After he got it lit and smoking good, he said, "Eeen, what if there were some women in those boats?" "Well," I said, "if they were plump with pulchritude and cheerful looking, we could take them back to the creek and indoctrinate them into our ways and smoke up their Kents.

If they were mean and bossy looking we would just knock them in the head, too."

"I ain't too crazy about that," he said, looking worried. "Maybe we could tell in advance? You got your knobblers, ain't you, Eeen? We could spy on them from the marsh grass and just pass up any boat with mean looking women in it. I wouldn't want to knock no woman in the head."

"Now Eeen," I scolded, "you cain't have no knobblers back in the naked wild woods, Hell, you cain't even have no matches."

"Yeah, but we could light them Viceroy's with coal when we got back to our fire," said the Old Een eagerly, smoking hard on his cigar.

Things don't always turn out right, even with the best of plans. Like I said, this creek was a long, long way down the coast from the nearest road. After we had launched the skiffboat at the closest possible place we had to hurry so we would have time to pole in and take a brief look at that wonderful little place and then make the long, long trip back to the boat ramp before nightfall because that sort of country is not navigable in the dark. While we were tearing along in the calm, shallow water in the outboard skiff in the north wind lee of the marsh, I hit a Busycon conch shell with the foot of the motor and sheared the pin in the propeller.

It was freezing cold so, even though the water was shallow enough to get out on the flats to pull the wheel, I decided to lean over the transom to do it. After I got the propeller off, damn if the engine didn't tilt down and flip me over the transom, out of the boat, flat on my back in the cold, cold water. Not only did I get saturated wet, but I disjointed my right middle finger and dropped the durn propeller nut and we couldn't find it to save our lives.

We had to turn around right there and row all those miles back to the boat ramp. If the Old Een hadn't had on two pair of britches, I would have froze to death.

Epilogue

I can't remember if me and the Old Een ever managed to get back to that little creek. When my sons got old enough to be interested in that kind of thing, my family went back and carefully camped on the ancient bank right where I knew the old people had last slept long ago. After it was dark it seems like we heard their spirits out in the woods. Next day my oldest son and I swam all the way to the little spring that was the headwaters for most of the little river. The clear water bubbled up through big grained white sand and thousands of salamander larvae and eggs. The banks were thick with poison ivy and other terrible bushes and vines. It was the wildest little place I ever saw.

Sometimes we talk about going back, but the boys are grown men now, just about in the same fix as the Old Een. I haven't been back there in 20 years. I am sure that the population explosion around here since then has not let even that spot go undiscovered by the damned go anywhere airboats, jet skis, "90 Devils," and other such joy riding travesties that are so popular among the ignorant and thoughtless.

Both my children and the Old Een's are long grown up. He is still a school teacher, has all Christmas vacation off. He finished digging a pond in his yard and sold his backhoe and I noticed that his house was all painted up and the roof looks sort of new, well-maintained. I am just as no-count as I ever was. We are both so old now that the dilemma about what to do with the women has solved itself. We'll just knock them all in the head. What the hell did I do with my phone number book?



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Big sail, little boat. The Cotuit skiff has a huge sail in comparison to her narrow hull

Now 18, Sara Jackson first went sailing when she was six weeks old and has a history with the Cotuit skiff that rivals even that of the commodore of her yacht club.

Clarissa "Bookie" Odence, only 17 but just elected commodore, admits she had a head start, her relationship with the skinny skiff and big, heart-sized sail started "in utero," she says.

The two friends are standing by Ropes Beach talking about the oldest junior yacht club in the country, the Cotuit Mosquito Yacht Club. The club owes its longevity to its leaders all being young, and many female, its name to the buggy environs they launch from.

Jackson, who helped organize the centennial celebration, explains that the club is run by "Juniors" who have to be eight to 25 years old and unmarried. All ages and marital statuses can be members, she says, but to vote you have to fit the criteria.

It's one of the reasons the club made it through World War II, she says, a lot of members weren't called up to fight.

The club still runs this way even if the rationale for the unmarried clause has been lost to time.

"I think the reason for that was that they were trying to blackball someone," explains Jackson, "they didn't want the husband of one of the members having a say. It's one of those funny old stories," she adds.

The yacht club is steeped in tradition and loyalty, much like the Cotuit skiff. Many of those who sail the 14' gaff rigged boats haven't sailed anything else, not even a catboat, which the skiff is often compared to and is common on the Cape.

The skiff is said to be modeled on old oyster boats but built to race. She has a bottom reminiscent of a rocking horse and a boom that dwarfs the narrow hull. They are hard boats to sail. "No one likes to sail them, just quirky Cotuit people," says Mark Robinson, whose boat is 50 years old. Robinson's boat is one of more than 60 that has turned out for the Great Cotuit Skiff Race

A Centennial Swarm of Skiffs

By Doreen Leggett
Photos by Barry Donahue
Reprinted from *The Cape Cod Voice*

on Sunday, July 30, kicking off a week of anniversary events.

Each boat, many with rainbow colors, is lifted up by a barge at the Old Shore Landing and weighed. Soon the water of Cotuit Bay is filled with white sails tacking this way and that waiting in light breeze for the starter's gun.

Odence, who admits getting "jittery" before some races, expresses nothing but excitement for this one. It's competitive, sure, but mostly fun with multiple generations on the water together. "It's going to be great to have everyone out there," she says. Her family and Jackson's have three generations each. Jackson says she has crewed for uncles, cousins, parents, and Odence's grandfather over the years.

Ali Carley, 14, who volunteers as a teacher at the yacht club, is fifth generation. She is sitting with her brother Harry, age seven, on the boat her family is set to race. Her mom, Hellie Swartwood, confides that the boat had been retired for 15 years and her husband spent the last three months restoring her to fighting form to celebrate 100 years. The family has been sailing with the yacht club for five generations, though their racing history is shorter. Swartwood's dad admits that his grandfather officiated, not raced, back in the 1930s.

The younger kids have been learning to sail in prams, which are lying like brightly painted June bugs on the grass by the landing. Although the instructional program is run by adults, the kids are taught by the Juniors, who also organize races every weekend.

"That doesn't happen in a lot of places, where teenagers run an organization,"

Odence says.

That's just fine with Karen Buckley, who isn't a sailor. She recently watched her nine-year-old son Caden sail across the bay for the first time. "Kids teaching kids," she says. "It makes you feel hopeful for the future."

Caden hops into a skiff to crew in the race, which from shore looks serene, like choreographed dancing, but feels quite different up close, boats jostling and jockeying for position, narrowly avoiding one another.

Much like it must have been a century ago.

Skiff-side service: One advantage of the Cotuit skiff is a flat bottom that allows boaters to step ashore without getting their feet wet.



On Wednesday, July 26, about 10am, a brave group of young boat builders embarked on a trip down the Mississippi River in boats that they had built themselves. This unusual group was coordinated by Urban Boat Builders, a nonprofit in St. Paul, Minnesota, that works with at-risk youth to help them build interpersonal skills as well as technical skills.

Each of the boys had been part of a class that Phil Winger taught within the last year. Some were apprentices and some had just worked in the shop for a few hours a week. What mattered is that they all learned to work together and get a job finished. Building a boat, no matter how big or how small, or of what type it is, constitutes a difficult project for anyone. These boys had no training in wood working and no experience in boats, but they came together to build, and now use, the boats they built. This was a trip of firsts in many ways, for some it was the first time they were in a real boat, for others it was the first time camping, for all it was an adventure that won't be forgotten.

On the first day they paddled or rowed from North Mississippi Park north of Minneapolis through downtown Minneapolis, two locks, downtown St. Paul, and camped at

Urban Boatbuilders 2006 Mississippi Passage

the Watergate Marina. It was there, after dinner, that some of the boys left the group because they couldn't get permission to travel and camp the rest of the way. This was the first time that some of the boys had ever pitched a tent or slept outside. A tired group they were and all said they slept well.

Days two and three were spent on the river. This was the hottest week of the summer with temperatures in excess of 100°. They drank lots of water and lathered on the sun screen. About every other hour it was time to pull over and take a dip. The sights they saw from the river, bald eagles and egrets, barges, cranes, tugs, yachts, dead fish, and stars at night will stay with them for a long time. Each night a camp site was found on an island in the river. The boys were amazed that so much nature could be found so close to home. At one spot a rope swing was found and put to good use. It was like they turned the clock back 100 years. The most fun from the simplest things.

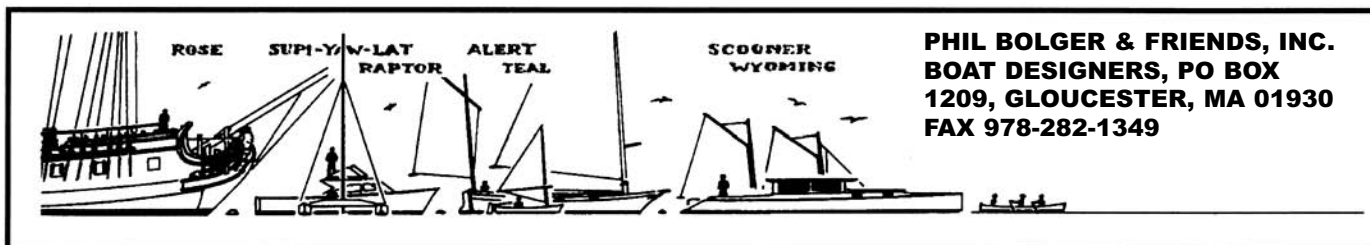
The last hard day of paddling was across Lake Pepin. A man-made lake, many miles long, formed by a dam in the river below Wabasha. It was hard going against the wind and all the large cruiser wakes made it even worse. At one point a sand bar in the middle of the river was too much to resist, the paddlers hauled out and waited for the supply boat to catch up. *Arcabus*, a camping sailboat owned by Greg Lindberg, sailed right past them and beat the boys to the campground. This last night was spent in a real campground and it even had toilets. What a luxury.

The next and last day was to be spent enjoying Lake Pepin but the wind came up too strong and instead of sailing to breakfast on *Arcabus* they got towed back to camp with a broken mizzen and worn-out outboard.

After all the effort and hard work the boys all said that they would do it again. They raised over \$7,000 in pledges to help support Urban Boatbuilders help some other kids who never thought of building a boat from scratch.

If you'd like to learn more about Urban Boatbuilders, please visit our web site at www.urbanboatbuilders.org





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This little catboat was designed in 1976 for Richard Ramsey of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who built her himself and liked her well enough to keep her through 23 seasons (at which point he bought a Dovekie). After the 13th season she showed signs of rot in her bottom. The photo shows her bottom-up with the perished $\frac{1}{4}$ " bottom about to be replaced with two courses of $\frac{1}{2}$ ", an improvement in any case.

He also added 290lbs of water ballast to "give her better way in choppy conditions... and a more secure feeling when sailing in November and December". She'd had a traumatic knockdown and flooding in 1984, Rick said it was due to a novice helmsman at the wrong moment but the possibility is not something anyone wants on her mind in cold water with no help at hand.

One sees what could and should have been designed into the boat to make such an accident unlikely, such as filling in the hull sides aft with enough thickness of foam to keep free water in check. I wasn't as sensitive to such issues then as I've become since, and I probably thought the long decked-in volume forward would keep her from going over even if she shipped some water aft.

That long cuddy is somewhat of a defect in any case. It's 75" long, to sleep in, but my

Bolger on Design

"Cynthia J."

Design #289, Sharpie Catboat
 14'6"x5'6", Draft 11"/36", SA 148sf

impression is that it was seldom, if ever, used for an overnight adventure. As a daysailer it forces crew weight too far aft (Rick mentioned having six people aboard, with which she must have dragged her tail horribly). Even with two people they should have sat opposite each other for best trim with considerable loss of sail carrying power. You can see from her shape that I did try to get her bulk well aft where it could float weight where it had to be.

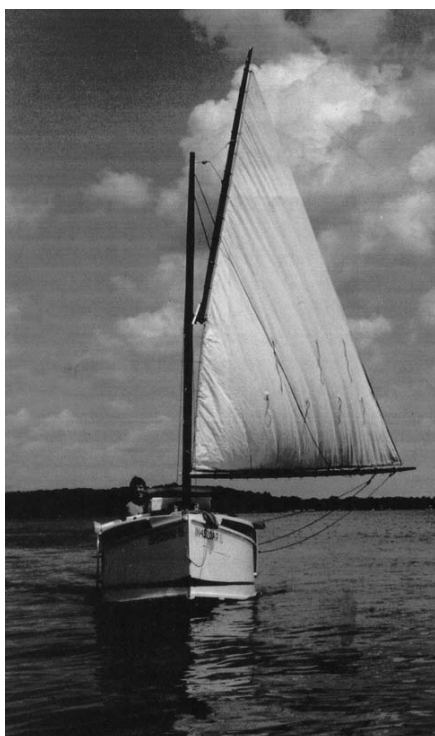
The rig is similar to a cat I owned for several years in my early teens. Nowadays we'd make it a lot easier to step and unstep the mast. It's only 15'6" long but still heavy enough to make standing it on end on deck and dropping it in at the right angle an awk-

ward business. Otherwise it still looks right to me for a wide cat. Cats don't look right to me unless the boom overhangs the stern quite a lot. Exception is a cat which is long for her beam and weight and has her mast well inboard of the stem.

Sharpies very wide for their length, like this, are not supposed to be good sailers because when they heel the forward chine buries and has high drag. The effect can be mitigated by matching up the plan shape with the bottom profile in such a way that the bow tends to lift as the boat heels. The high drag bow comes out of water. Cynthia, and a couple of bigger boats on similar proportions, are respectable sailers compared with some much more pretentious types.

At any rate, Rick described her, at the time he at last replaced her, as a well-loved boat that attracted compliments wherever she sailed. A few other boats have been built to the design here and there.

Plans of Cynthia J., our Design #289, are available for \$75 to build one boat, sent first class mail, folded. They are all on one 22"x34" sheet plus a typed key, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930. They are as designed without upgrade.



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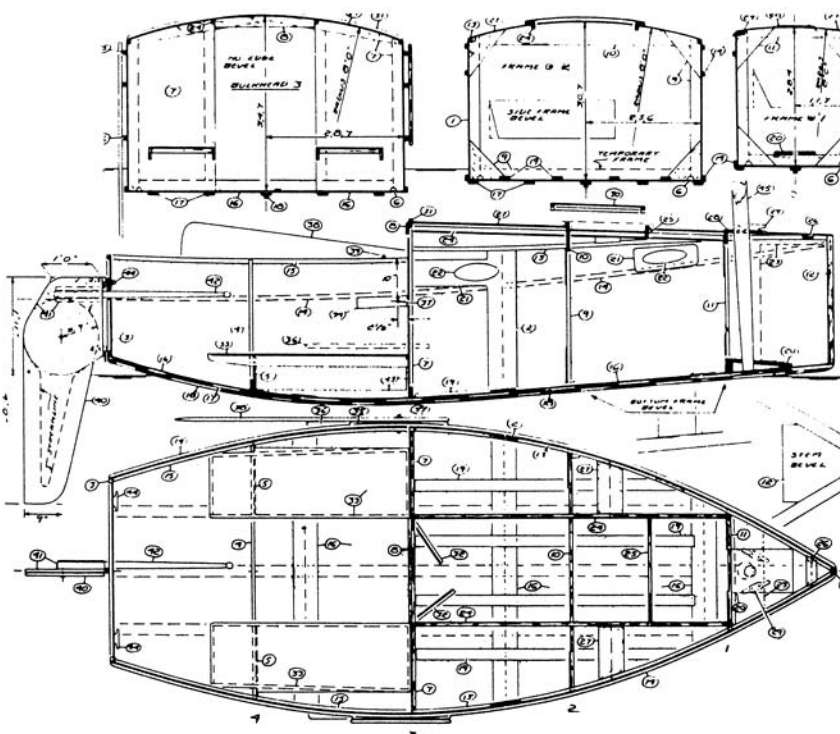
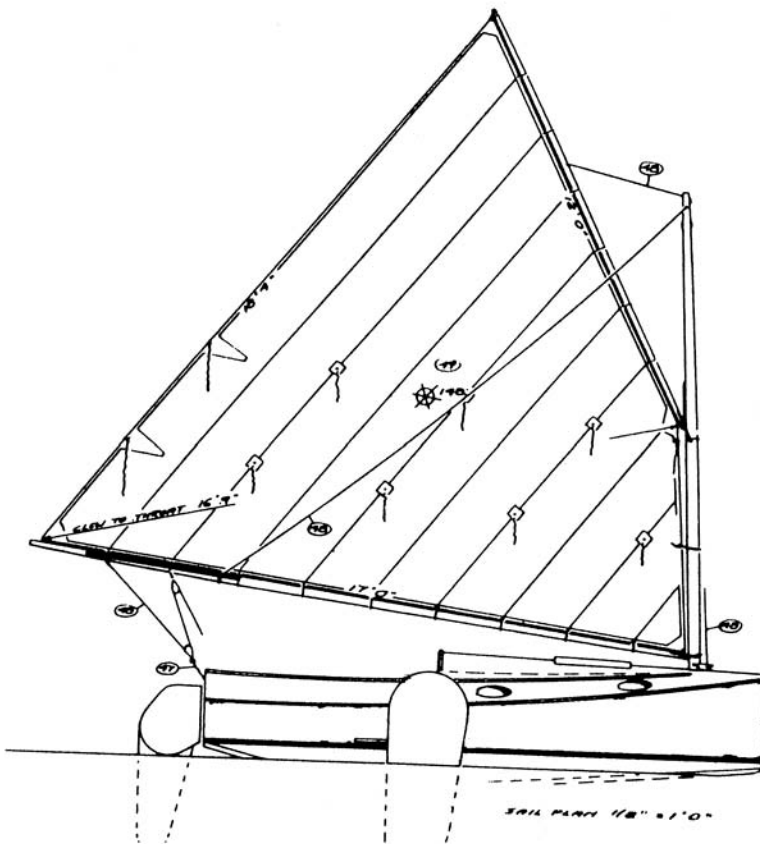
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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Boating is usually a wonderful experience if you view the activity as other than a "to accomplish" project. Due to the cost of slip rental and other considerations, a lot of people trailer their boats to a local launch ramp for a day on the water. My wife and I trailered our boats for a number of years and found that an afternoon at the local launch ramp can be both entertaining and informative. The entertaining part of watching people's mistakes is also the informative part of learning what not to do the next time you launch or recover your boat.

At some point, if you tow your boat much, you will launch a boat without the drain plug installed, in tidal waters you will put the car down onto the sea grass and have no traction to go back up the ramp, back down so far that the vehicle's exhaust pipe is bubbling under the water, and you might, if it a really bad day, launch the vehicle as well as the boat and trailer.

A set of chocks for the vehicle is a good idea as is remembering that most vehicles' "PARK" transmission setting is for the weight of the vehicle and not the added weight of the boat and trailer on behind on a sloping ramp. If you use non-metallic chocks secured with line to the vehicle's bumper, you can go back up the ramp with the chocks bumping along until you get to the flat area and can get out and put the chocks away properly.

One of the best launching techniques I witnessed was at a lake ramp where a gentleman backed down his trailer with small boat thereon. He stopped just before the trailer tires reached the water's edge and got out to unhook the forward tiedown line. He then backed the trailer down a bit further and hit the bakes. The inertia moved the small boat off the trailer and a given length of bow line played out as he pulled forward. The line was connected to the trailer and as the trailer left the water the line pulled the boat back toward the ramp. He got out, tied the line to the side of the ramp, and proceeded to go park his rig.

My wife and I used to launch our 16' I/O on low tides using a "chain extension" that was a modification of a nylon line my father used with a floatable trailer. The boat trailer for the I/O was a great road trailer, but with standard car-size tires it carried the boat quite a ways up from the road and thus the water. If the tide was too low to launch the boat (even with the multitude of trailer rollers), I would back down to where the trailer tires were just short of the water line. Judy would then chock the boat trailer tires and I would put the transmission in "PARK" and set the parking brake.

I then would unhook the bow tiedown that was holding the boat on the trailer, lower the dolly wheel at the front of the trailer, and unhook the trailer (light connections and safety chains) from the vehicle. I had 16' of $\frac{3}{8}$ " chain with appropriate hooks at each end. One end of the chain was looped around the tow ball on the vehicle and the other end connected to the trailer tongue.

I then got back in the vehicle and pulled forward until the chain took up the weight of the boat/trailer. Judy pulled the chocks and took the boat's bow line to the side of the ramp. I then let the boat/trailer back down slowly until the boat started to float off. A tap on the brakes and the boat usually floated free. I then went back up the ramp and onto the level area of the ramp. This part was done slowly so that the inertia of the trailer did not roll it into the back of the vehicle. The chain

was removed and stored, the trailer rehooked to the vehicle, and the rig parked.

To recover the boat on a low tide a variation of the same procedure was used. I backed down the trailer and Judy chocked the trailer wheels. I unhooked the trailer, hooked up the chain, pulled forward, and she removed the chocks. Once the trailer was in far enough to recover the boat, she chocked the vehicle's rear tires. After the boat was on and the tiedown secured, I would go up the ramp about halfway and she would chock the trailer tires. The trailer was then reconnected to the vehicle and the rig pulled to flat ground to secure everything for the trip home. It took practice and coordination but it worked quite nicely.

We used the same procedure to launch and recover our Sisu-22 (inboard diesel) with a dual-axle trailer and plenty of rollers. In both launching and recovering the bow tiedown line was very important to keep the boat connected to trailer until I wanted it otherwise. A friend reported on someone who disconnected everything at the top of the ramp and then backed down and launched the boat by hitting the brakes early and bouncing the lower foot sections of the two outboards on the launch ramp as the boat headed for the water.

One of the items to watch for at the ramp is the person who launches the boat and has not secured a line. Lacking a line to the shore, the boat floats off the trailer and on out into the area beyond the ramp. A secured mooring line is an important item to keep the boat near you after it has left the trailer.

In fact, mooring lines are quite important to keep the boat at the pier even if you are not using a trailer. A sailboat came in on a very low tide and those on board found that the draft of the vessel exceeded the depth of the water. They needed a place to tie up until the tide came in. Since our marina is under reconstruction (finally!), there were no places for them to use (all floating fingers and fixed piers were gone). I offered to let them tie outside my boat until they could get back to their dock. Only one problem, they did not have sufficient mooring line or fenders on board (all were at their dock). I pulled out spare fenders and mooring line and their boat was secured for the night.

The question is, "Does your boat have sufficient line and fenders on board to tie up safely some place other than the home location?" Most people have the required rode and anchor on their boat, but few seem to have sufficient line or fenders to tie up to another boat or berth. Our Sisu 26 carries three fenders, a fender board, and three coils of mooring line. One coil is about 50' (a little longer than twice the length of the boat) while the other two are about 15' long. The idea is that I have a line of sufficient length to act as a bow-stern spring line while the other two can be used as breast lines (or as needed). The fenders are for general use and the fender board is great if there is a piling between the boat and the pier.

Each of the lines has a loop spliced in one end so I can toss the line to someone on

a pier and they simply drop the loop over a cleat or other securing object. Once the loop is over something secure, I have control of the boat and can either snub off the line on the boat or otherwise maneuver the boat using the line. If the first line is snubbed off I can throw the second loop and have two lines ashore. In either case, the loop over an object is not going to slip as can happen if the person receiving the line has to do something more with it than simply drop the loop over a secure object.

Another line on your boat is the anchor rode. The "bitter end" is the other end of the anchor rode from the anchor. This end is usually secured in some manner so that it will not slip off the boat if you do not secure the anchor line properly around a cleat. However, can you get to that "bitter end" and release it if necessary? Do you have some sort of float (sealed plastic gallon jug, for instance) with a short line ready to tie to the anchor line so you can retrieve it later? If not, why not?

The reason for these questions was one of the accident examples at a boating safety presentation I attended. A boat was anchored near a channel when a barge being towed somehow snagged the boat's anchor line. The boat was dragged behind the barge until the tow captain was notified by VHF of the problem. He slowed the tow and the people on the formerly anchored boat were able to get the anchor line un-snagged. There are other times when releasing the anchor and line might be a good idea. And it would be nice to be able to make the release quickly and be able to come back later and retrieve the anchor and line. Take a look at your set-up and see what would be involved in releasing the line if necessary.

If you have launched your boat and then find that the drain plug is not in, you can pull the boat or get wet putting in the drain plug from the outside. Some boats are designed so you can install the drain plug from the inside if necessary. An inside connection is not considered as tight as one on the outside as it can be "forced in" by water pressure. In any event, the water should be outside the boat and you should be inside the boat.

If there is water in the boat with you, there are a number of possible solutions. A sponge and a bucket may be all you need. Or a 300gpm pump may not suffice. In most cases, a bilge pump that can move water out of the boat faster than it comes in is a good idea. Most of us have a medium size bilge pump connected to a float switch and hope for the best.

Our Fireball had "Elvström Bailers" in the bottom of the boat (one on each side). When we were sailing well, water (spray, waves over the bow, etc.) got into the boat, the bailers would be opened, and the water was sucked out as the boat moved forward (lines and other things could also be pulled through the bailer by the suction action). They worked quite well as long as we remembered to close the bailers when the wind was light and when coming onto the beach or the water came back in.

Before the advent of the small electric bilge pump, a number of boats where I grew up had suction tubes mounted on the transom. The tube was usually a copper pipe that went over (or through the transom) and down to a curved piece (aimed aft) just below the water line. The other end was a rubber hose with some mosquito net as a strainer. The

hose went into the bilge and when the boat was underway the suction at the stern kept pulling out any water that came into the boat. Of course, you had to remember to raise the hose above the water line when stopped (or moving slowly) otherwise water was siphoned back into the boat.

My family used to keep its 18' open boat at a marina located on Anna Maria Island. The boat's cover did not always keep all the rain water out so my father mounted a ½" centrifugal pump and ran a belt over a pulley mounted on the front of the engine's flywheel. We would hand bail the boat to make sure that the engine air intake was out of the water and then start the engine. Once it was running smoothly, he would engage the idler wheel and use the engine to spin the belt that spun the pump. The boat was empty of water in a short time.

Some people use a variation of the extra water pump idea by having a "Y" valve on the raw water intake for the inboard engine cooling. If a bad leak develops they switch the raw water intake from the thru-hull fitting to the inboard strainer and use the engine's raw water pump as an emergency bilge pump. The idea has some disadvantages, starting with debris clogging the strainer, and some insurance companies will not insure a boat with such an arrangement.



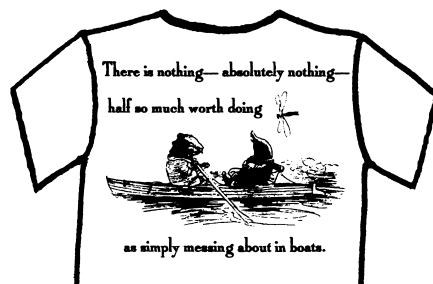
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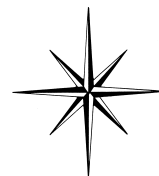
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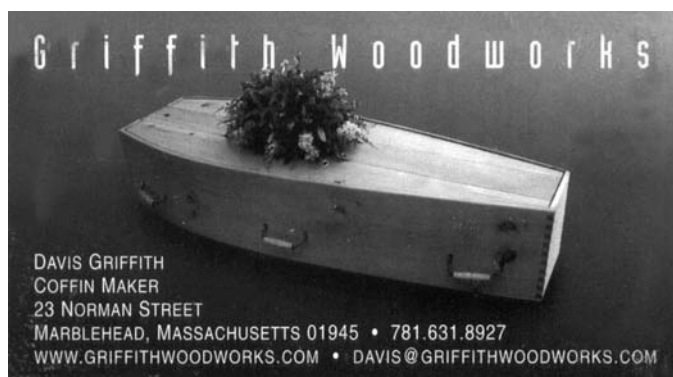
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If I did my job right in my article in the August 15 issue, "Tides, Centrifugal Forces, and Other Strange Effects," you should have had your interest piqued but been left with questions and nagging doubt. Perhaps this one may have been among them. The gravitational tide producing force has got to be fairly uniform directly below the sun or the moon, yet tides vary all over the place. What's going on?

Well shoot, right off that means we have to digress. Please bear with me. Let's think some more about that tide producing force. First of all, it's pretty small, about 0.000,000,1 that of earth's gravity. Its effect of lifting water up toward the moon/sun is pretty negligible. But a force vector can be broken into components, one normal (i.e., straight up) to the earth's surface, and one horizontal, the horizontal one, though small, is not balanced or counteracted so it sets water in motion and that's how the bulge is formed. This horizontal component is called the tractive force. Perhaps Figure 1 can help illuminate this.

Once this makes some sense, we can compare the effect of the sun and the moon and get a sense of which is greater. It turns out that despite the immensely greater mass of the sun (about 27 million times greater), the fact that the moon is so much, much closer (the sun is about 4,000 moon distances away), the sun's effect is only about 46% of that of the moon. So the solar tide is less than half the lunar one.

Nevertheless, when the sun and moon are aligned, the pulls of each add together and we get the highest tides and the lowest lows. You already know this to be the spring tide, which happens during the full and new moon, or about twice a month. When we have a waxing or waning half moon the two forces are at right angles and, if they were equal, would cancel. Since they are not, there are still tides, but of lesser range, you know these as the neap tides (see Figure 2).

This answers the most basic tide questions and this is called the equilibrium theory of tides.

"So what happens to this tidal high point when the earth rotates and the sun and moon move around on top of that?" you ask. That's when it gets complicated. A complete analysis has never been done, to my knowl-

Tides, Gravity, Equilibrium, and Dynamic Theories Part II

By Hermann Gucinski

edge, but enough thorough work has been done to understand the parts of the problem well enough to make tide predictions. Because the earth rotates, sun and moon orbit, and orbits are not only elliptical but vary over time, things get sticky fast, and there are no simple pictures that will explain it the way I would like. Heck, I don't even begin to understand it all myself. But that won't stop me from talking, will it?

So as the world turns, the bulge produced by the tidal forces will try to follow, attempting to stay directly under the spot where the sun/moon is overhead. When a high place in the water is followed by a low place move, we have a wave, this one is the "tidal wave." I put this in quotes, though this is the real tidal wave, not the ones called that, but stemming from other causes such as tsunamis. Once we have a wave, then the physics of wave theory applies and can help.

In deep water, waves move at a speed proportional to the distance between crests, for a tidal wave, that's halfway around the globe, or about 11,000 nautical miles. The waters of the world oceans are nowhere deep enough to allow this so this wave will behave like a shallow water wave. Water is considered shallow when its depth is half the distance between wave crests. The oceans average about 3,900m (13,000') in depth and will limit the speed of the tidal wave. In shallow water waves move with a speed proportional to the square root of the depth, the tidal wave can't keep up with the apparent motion of the planets, lagging more and more behind until they are ahead and catch up again. You can imagine that this makes things pretty damn messy.

In fact, you may be throwing up your hands right about now and saying what does all this have to do with the small boat sailor? If you live in waters with only a small tide range, very little, I say. But I do recall making a fool of myself when taking a newly purchased, but old, H-28 south inside the New Jersey Waterway. "Doesn't that swirling water ahead indicate a sandbar?" asked my crew,

"No," I answered calmly, "just changing tidal currents. "But, but, but," he sputtered, "why is that seagull walking on the water?" I put the helm hard over just as we hit a sandbar. This time I managed to get off pretty quickly, though I did have to jump off the bow and push hard, but the next time we hit, we stuck. If you have ever gone aground on a falling tide, I need say no more. Maybe tides are pretty interesting, after all, they sure continue to be interesting to me.

To continue with the messy stuff, not only can't the tidal wave keep up, but land masses block their progression. The tidal wave breaks into a series of tidal waves and they move around major basins in fairly complicated, but nevertheless quite periodic ways. Mathematical oceanographers and mathematicians interested in tides have tackled the problem from first principles and derived a series of tidal constants, each with

its own periodicity, based on several lunar and solar components and some interaction between both.

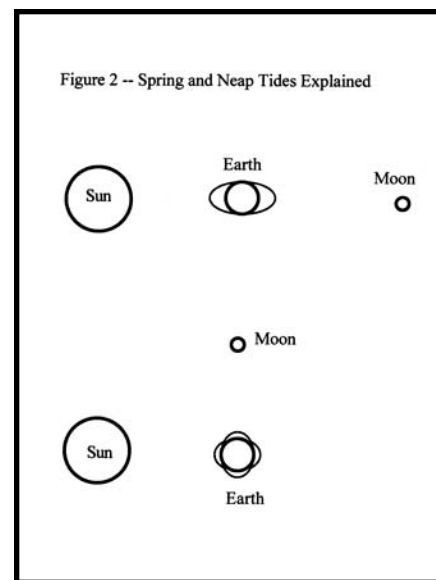
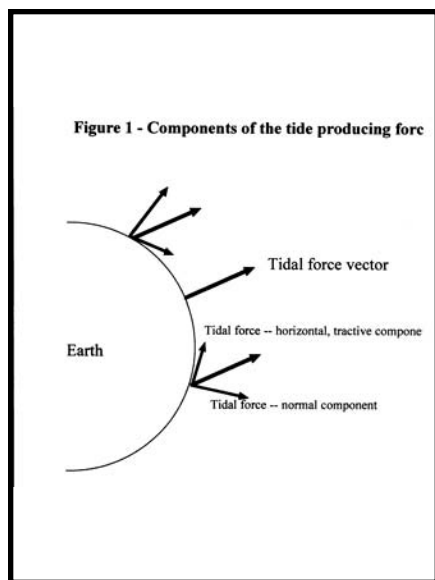
For example, there are roughly ten lunar and solar semidiurnal components, plus six lunar, solar and lunar solar diurnal components, and a mess of "long period" components that describe all this. As a matter of fact, the hairy math in all this, plus the practical need to predict tides for commercial shipping, led to the early development of analog computers that were used to make predictions. These consisted of wheels of various diameters, each proportional to one of these periods, offset to allow a tape to run which moved a lever to produce a curve that was the sum total of all these effects, a tide prediction machine (some good pictures can be found at <http://tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/predma2.html>).

If you've still been able to follow this and have been formulating questions, this one may pop into your mind, "If the tidal wave(s) travel in proportion to bottom speed, doesn't this vary in each coastal area, and particularly in bays, bights, gulfs, lagoons, inlets, rias, and embayments?"

Indeed it does. But once you have the tidal forcing components, you can install a tide gauge at a location of interest, take a record for some time, break that into the components, and use the known periodicities to project the record forward, not possible if you don't know the constants. So tide gauges remain important, as does dynamic tide theory.


For example, on the eastern seaboard, from Florida to Hudson Bay, we have the expected semidiurnal tide (two highs and two lows every 25 hours or so), but on U.S. shores in the Gulf of Mexico diurnal tides occur (one high, one low per day, roughly), while our West Coast has mixed semidiurnal and diurnal tides. There are even places, not near shore, where all the tidal forcings cancel and there is no tide at all. These are called "amphidromic" points. The North Atlantic has one such point and the tide moves around that point.

But I think it's best to hop into our lightweight canoe and paddle on the local mill pond, at least there I don't have to worry about tides. Or do we have tides even there? Heck, whatever. Let's leave it for next time.



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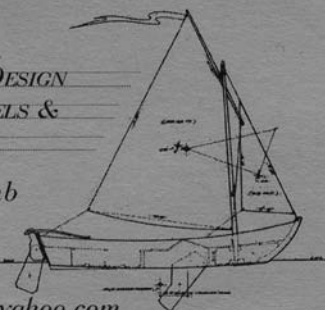
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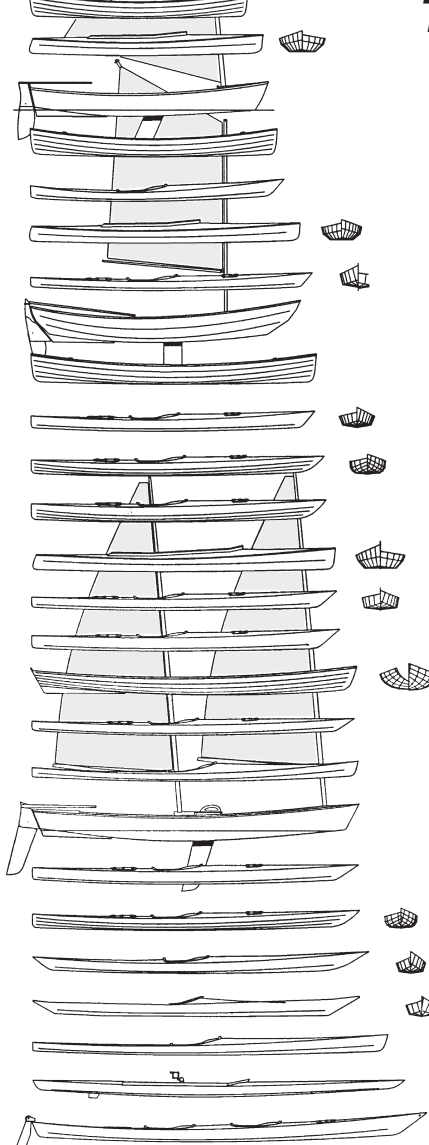
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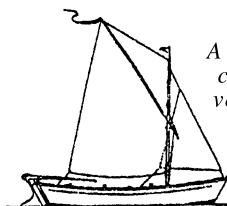
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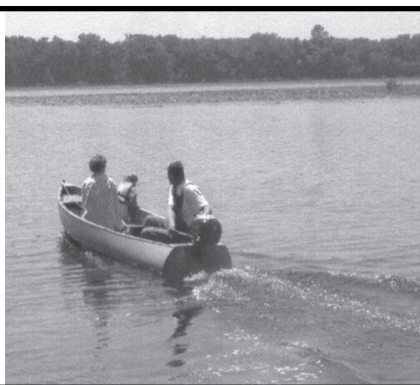
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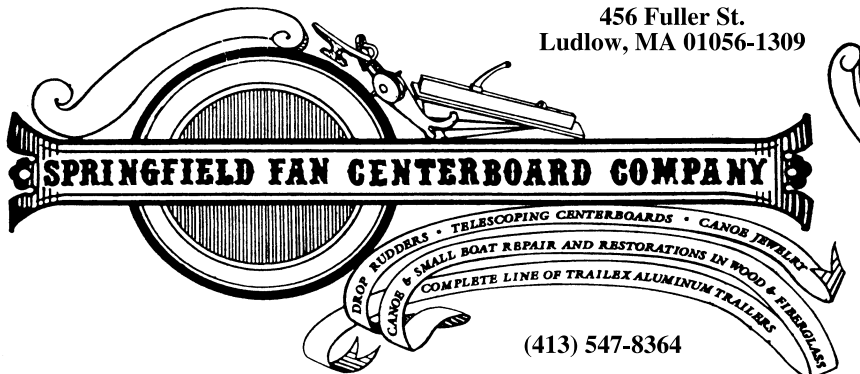
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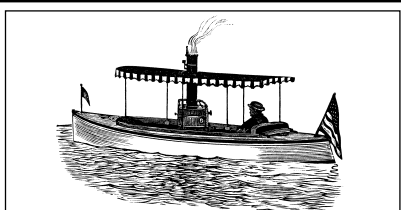
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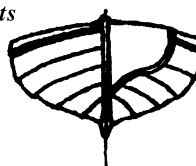
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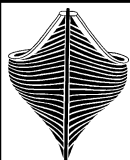
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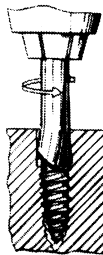
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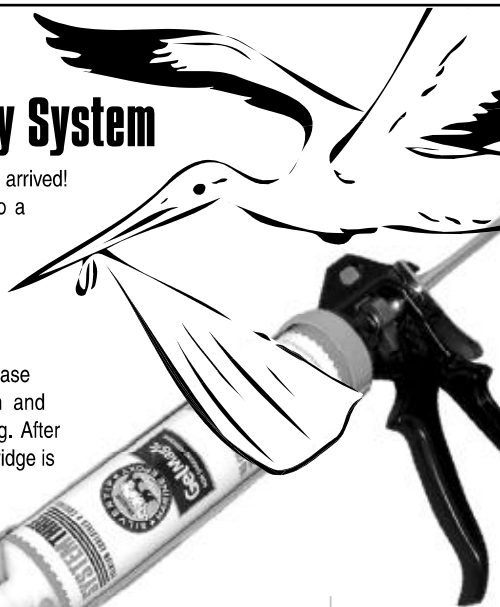
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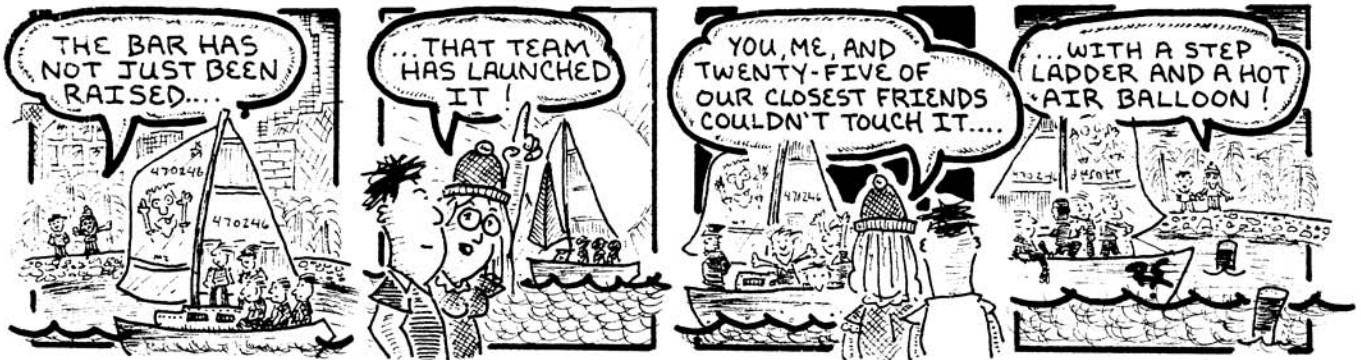


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